

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

VOL. XII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1883.

NO. 26.

Pasturing for Horses.

I have good pastures at Arlington Heights or East Lexington, with

Plenty of Shade,

Good Water,

upland and lowland. I see all horses daily, but take them at risk of owners.

Price \$2.00 a week.

Also colts or vicious horses broken. Sick or lame horses treated scientifically. Horses bought and sold.

F. ALDERMAN.

Telephone No. 6830.

H. L. ALDERMAN.

Veterinary Surgeon.

P. O. address, East Lexington, Box 1.

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Smith

& CO.'S

Lexington and Boston Express.

BOSTON OFFICE, 33 Court Square. Order

box at H. Locke's, 42 Faneuil Hall Market. Of

ice at Lexington, Lexington Cash Store. Office

at East Lexington, at Post Office and at R. W.

Holbrook's.

FURNITURE MOVING. 1ydec25

New Store.

Grocery on Pleasant Street,

ARLINGTON.

CHOICE SELECTION

—OF—

STAPLE and FANCY

GROCERIES

Next Door to Pleasant St. Market.

PEARSON'S

Arlington Wheat Biscuit,

Evaporated Apple and Peach,

Canned Goods in Variety.

Give us a call and see store and goods.

CASSIUS M. HALL.

FAMILIES

Wishing for BROWN BREAD and BEANS, can

have them left at their houses by leaving their

orders at the Arlington Bakery.

HOUSE LOTS FOR SALE.

Situated on Muzzey Street, Lexington, adjoining

the Monument House, with 70 feet or more

front, 166 feet deep. They are finely situated,

and will be sold on reasonable terms.

Apply to CHARLES ADAIR.

Lexington, March 19, 1883. 10mar17

Land for Sale.

Six acres good pasture land, partially wooded

off from Pleasant street, Arlington, easy of ac-

cess. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to

C. S. PARKER, No. 2 Swan's Block.

ARTHUR O. GOTT,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Post Office Building,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

I am prepared to give you as fine watch

work as can be had in the State, including ad-

justing fine watches to heat, cold and isochron-

ism.

ASA COTTRELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Master in Chancery & Notary Public.

Takes acknowledgments of Deeds and affidavits

to be used in other States, and admits to bail in

civil and criminal cases.

77 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

Next door to Baptist Church, Main Street, in

LEXINGTON.

PUBLIC WORSHIP

WITH

Preaching,

Will be held at the

Church in East Lexington,

—ON—

Sunday Afternoons, at 3, p. m.

A. P. SMITH,

Receiver of

Fine Butter.

Visit Arlington every Monday. Persons de-

siring fresh packages of finest butter can be sup-

plied by addressing

Box 224, Lexington.

For Sale or to Let.

My home on Hancock Avenue, Lexington,

is now in perfect repair; furnace and

work as can be had in the State, including ad-

Special Notice.

A Horse House.

The Selectmen are ready to receive sealed proposals for building a new Horse House on the site of the present Highland Horse House. Plans and specifications for the same can be examined at the office of the Town Clerk, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 12 m., and from 3 to 6 o'clock, p. m. Proposals must be handed in on or before Saturday, July 7.

The Selectmen reserve the right to reject any and all bids not deemed for the interest of the town.

HENRY J. LOCKE, Selectmen

S. E. KIMBALL, } Arlington.

A. W. DAMON, } 25jun

Arlington, June 20, 1883.

Fourth of July

SALMON.

Order your Salmon for the Fourth of July.

Orders by Postal Card will be promptly filled at Quincy Market prices.

GEORGE HATCH.

P. O. Box 124, Arlington, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, printed

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of William Smith, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased.

Greeting: WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William H. Smith and Mary E. B. S. Meserve, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, and that they may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on their bond pursuant to said will and statute.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of July next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Lexington Advertiser, at Lexington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.

15jun3w J. H. TYLER, Register.

PLUMBING

Properly Planned and

Promptly Performed,

With improved method of ventilation and drainage, by

Wm. Mills & Co.,

237 Washington St., Boston.

Personal attention to work in this vicinity will be given by Edwin Mills. Residence Court St., Arlington. 25may

By James F. C. Hyde, Auctioneer,

19 Milk St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale

OF REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by George A. Black and Ellen A. Black, his wife, in her own right, to George B. Goodwin, dated February 15, 1875, and recorded with the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, libro 1250, folio 186, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, on the premises, on Tuesday, the tenth day of July, 1883, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with all the buildings standing thereon, situated partly in Lexington and partly in Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the northeast corner at Adams and North streets, thence running northerly on said Adams street fifteen hundred and seventy-four (1574) feet to a certain brook; thence turning and running easterly on said brook four hundred and three (403) feet to a certain pond, and through the centre of said pond to the old Middlesex turnpike; thence turning and running southerly through the centre of another portion of said pond and along a line in an easterly direction; thence turning and running in a southerly direction along a lot path, five hundred and thirty-five feet, to a red cedar tree near the Lexington and Burlington line; thence westerly on said North street three hundred and fifty-four (354) feet, and six hundred and three (603) feet to Adams street and the point of beginning. Said parcel of land contains twenty-three and eight-tenths (23 8/10) acres of land, more or less, according to a plan of the same drawn by Alexander Wade, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, in Book of Plans No. 15, Plan 43. For further reference see my deed of January 20th, A. D. 1872, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, lib. 1195, folio 425.

5000. will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time of the sale.

OTRUS CONANT,

DARIUS CONANT,

Assignees and present holders of said Mortgage.

STATE HOUSE NOTES.

At a meeting of the Executive Council, Tuesday afternoon, the rules were suspended and Mr. Everett A. Stearns, of Boston, was at once confirmed as Railroad Commissioner. He is an engineer on the Fitchburg Railroad, and the President of the Massachusetts Railroad Employees' Association. It is understood that this association was told by Governor Butler that any man they might select would be nominated for the position.

The cool and unruffled demeanor of Capt. Marsh while being cross-examined by the Governor shows what years of experience with cranks will do for a man.

The Legislature has enacted all the bills before it that it will enact, and they are now in the hands of the Governor. If the Legislature runs over into next week it will be due to the dilatoriness of the Executive.

The Senate on Wednesday reconsidered its action of Tuesday and adopted the resolution requesting the Governor to prorogue the Legislature until August 27, to meet at that time to consider the report of the Committee on Charities on the Tewksbury almshouse. This action would seem to be wise from any standpoint. The Legislature which instituted the investigation should pass upon the testimony and consider the recommendations of the committee. Before another Legislature will reassemble the facts brought out by the investigation will have ceased to be fresh in the public or legislative mind, and the necessity, if any, for changes will not be so fully realized as it will be by the Legislature which ordered and watched the progress of the investigation. It is said that the Governor will refuse to prorogue the Legislature in accordance with the resolution of the Senate. That has nothing to do with the matter whatever. If he refuses, the Legislature, if it shall deem it necessary, can meet at the time designated, if the Court decides that it has the power to do so under the Constitution. If it decides otherwise, the Governor will stand before the people as the official who called for an investigation, and, after it had been made, refused to let the body which should pass upon the results complete its work.

There are at last indications that the Tewksbury hearing is nearing its close, and the failure of the Governor to establish his charges is thought by many to have much to do with his anxiety to have authority given him to spend the balance of his official term in investigating other State institutions, to see if capital cannot somehow be made for the fall campaign. The hearing has now lasted nearly sixty days; three-fifths of which have been consumed by the Governor in presenting his case and in the cross-examinations, and a mass of testimony relative to the administration of the almshouse has been introduced, the net results of which, when compared with the charges made at the outset, must be regarded as ridiculously small. The chief mischief of the whole matter is, that the charges, hints, and sweeping generalizations made during the first part of the investigation have been given a wide circulation, and an impression has been created throughout the country that Massachusetts was encouraging in her public institutions an indescribable system of horrors. That this impression is a false one has been abundantly shown, but it will be some time before it is fully overcome throughout the country. This is an injury to the fair fame of the State for which her citizens will hold the Governor to strict accountability. It is doubtful if any investigation in the history of our Commonwealth has more completely broken down, and it is not to be wondered at that the Governor wishes to cover his failure by seeking "fresh fields and pastures new" for the exercise of his talents as an investigator. It is specially gratifying that the majority of the Legislature has refused to allow him to proceed further under their sanction.

The first corporation for the manufacture of cotton was established in Waltham, Mass., among the principal originators being Messrs. Lowell and Appleton, who had recently returned from Europe, where they had inspected the manufactures of England and the Continent.

School days are over for a while.

OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS

IN ARLINGTON.

—The Boat Club programme for the 4th is not far enough advanced for publication this week.

—Rev. L. A. Bosworth, of Somerville, will preach in Union Hall next Sunday, at 10.30, A. M.

—Preaching services, Sunday evenings, will be discontinued through July and August at the Pleasant Street Congregational church.

—C. A. Higgins, formerly in the grocery business here, made his appearance in Arlington again last Tuesday.

—The highest honors of the rose and strawberry exhibition in Boston, last Tuesday, were carried off by Mr. Warren Heustis, of Belmont.

—Miss Hamlin, long time connected with the Coting High School, goes to the Dana Academy, Franklin Mass. Arlington loses a successful and faithful teacher.

—The extension of the filter is being covered with a roof, made of plank. This will complete the work. The inflow is estimated as equal to a four-inch stream.

—Several of our citizens will make large private displays of fireworks on the 4th. We understand that Mr. G. S. Chapin will make quite an elaborate display at his Pleasant street residence.

—An alarm of fire Tuesday afternoon was caused by a slight fire at the "pest house," in the cemetery. It looks a little as though some boys kindled the fire and then gave the alarm, but the fire they made failed to burn.

—The Boat Club programme for July 4th will be about the same as last year, but the details are not sufficiently arranged for announcement in to-day's paper. The races will be in the morning, and will be well worth seeing.

—At the meeting of the High School Alumni Association, Tuesday evening, T. Ralph Parris was chosen president; Miss Hattie Wood, vice president; Chas. K. Crane, sec. and treas.; ex. com. for two years, Martha Sprague and James A. Bailey, Jr.

—The semi-annual election of officers of Bethel Lodge, I. O. O. F., occurred last Wednesday evening, and resulted in the choice of Grenville P. Pease, N. G.; Charles W. Halsey, V. G.; Charles S. Richardson, secretary; Wm. L. Clark, treasurer.

—The Arlington Assessors completed their work long time ago, but the tax bills cannot be made out until the proportion of the State tax is received. The bill making this tax has passed the Legislature, but has not yet received the Governor's approval. Mr. Locke will have the bills ready for delivery as soon as possible. There will be no delay after the receipt of the apportionment.

—The funeral of the late Eli Robbins was from the residence of his brother Nathan, last Sunday afternoon, and was numerously attended by the wide circle of relatives and friends, together with a considerable delegation from business acquaintances in Faneuil Hall Market, Boston. There are no intimations as yet as to the disposition of the deceased makes of his very huge property. We hear of a will made some seven years ago, but nothing as to its provisions. No public bequests are anticipated.

—Arlington Town Hall presented a pleasing and attractive appearance, last Thursday evening, as it was lighted up and set off with the decorations and tables used at the annual strawberry festival of St. John's Episcopal church. The edibles were served at small tables set about the hall, so as not to interfere with the promenade concert, which was an important feature of the evening's entertainment. The attendance was good and we should think the ladies have made well by their festival.

—Anniversary exercises, coupled with a social concert, was the service at the Unitarian church, last Sunday evening. The exercise was designed and arranged by Mr. H. H. Celley, the superintendent of the Sunday school, and it consisted in bringing out in striking prominence the Christian symbols,—the star, the anchor, the cross, the crown,—and impressing the lesson they teach with scripture reading, apt poetical selections, and song. The pulpit and platform were a mass of flowers, mountain laurel having a prominent place, and a wide evergreen arch with words in white spanning the same. On either side, in front and on top of the arch, the "symbols" were placed one after the other, as the exercise developed. The whole presented a picture of rare beauty. Misses Shattuck, Foxenden, Bailey, and Wellington furnished the readings, and the exercises were capped

mented with an address by the pastor, appropriate for such an occasion. He gave such scraps of history of the school as he had been able to gather, which showed the marked contrast between that time and to-day, and then went on to give advice to the scholars, using the floral design as a text. The choir occupied seats in the gallery, opening the services with an anthem, and then aiding the school with the singing.

Strawberries.

This is the season of strawberries. The natives are now in the market, and the Sharpless, the Manchester and other varieties are abundant and good. Dr. H. Vigoroux, a Frenchman of some distinction, has published recently an article upon this delightful berry, which an American writer has described as "frozen sunshine." The doctor says that they should be gathered at night, never in the morning, if you would realize to the fullest extent their delightful aroma. The hull should be left on until they are to be served. The proper time to eat them is before breakfast, if one is not disposed to bring on indigestion. Strawberries with cream the doctor deprecates. That great epicure, Brillat Savarin, moistened his with orange juice. Strawberries are not adapted to all persons. With some they produce an eruption of the skin. Feeble and lymphatic persons who have weak stomachs, should avoid them, but persons with bilious and sanguine temperaments can indulge with great benefit. Linnaeus, the celebrated naturalist, cured his gout by eating freely of strawberries, and many persons whose kidneys are affected have found great relief by eating them. Van Swieten states that insane persons have been restored to reason by their use. The doctor does not express an opinion upon strawberry shortcake, for that Yankee invention has not been introduced abroad to destroy digestion and clog the system. Untripe or over-ripe strawberries are about as vile a compound as can be eaten. The true way to eat strawberries is to pick them late in the afternoon, keep them over night in a cool place, and eat them a half an hour before breakfast.

Lexington High School.

The dull and stormy weather of last Wednesday had a somewhat depressing effect upon the graduation exercises of our High School, and was a disappointment to many, but it deterred few from participation, and Town Hall was more than filled. The busy hands of scholars and friends made, had the hall attractive and fragrant with flowers, but the principal decoration was with large, handsome flags, draped on the walls back of platform, over which was placed the class motto "Palma non sine pulvere." Flags were draped at the doors and balconies either side of the platform, and the opening scene was one to give teachers, scholars and friends a thrill of pleasure. The music was by the High school scholars, and the selections were interesting and well rendered, being under the direction of Mr. E. Cutler, the music master. The graduates occupied chairs on the platform while the pupils were seated on either side of them. With so large a class, each exercise was of necessity brief, and little calculated to display the attainments of these years of schooling now so happily closed, but all were listened to with pleasure and kindly greetings were bestowed on all. The class prophesy was a clever bit of writing, well delivered, and the valedictory was worthy the occasion. The following is the programme:—Salutatory and declamation, Edward E. Cutler; essay, Addison, Anna E. Hinchey; reading, "Women Born Orators," Mary E. Fletcher; French recitation, "Les Souvenirs du Peuple," Ida W. Cutler; essay, Flat-tary, Rose A. McNamara; declamation, "Duty of the American Scholar," Michael Hinchey; essay, We should cultivate the Habit of Reading, Eugene Berry; Latin recitation, Ode, Edith G. Harrington; essay, Compromises in the Constitution of the United States, John F. Condon; recitation, "The Stage-Driver's Story," Letitia Moskley; reading, "Legend of Provence," of Lillie A. Adair; essay, What Next? Evalyn M. Batchelder; essay, Palma non sine pulvere and Valedictory, Lillie E. Fitch; Class song; presentation of diplomas.

The awarding of diplomas was by J. Russell Reed, Esq., and his brief address was a peculiarly happy effort. The exercises were over at about half past nine, after which the graduates received their friends in the room on the left of the hall. The hall was cleared of the settees and at ten o'clock all was ready for the dance which pleasantly filled up the rest of the evening.

OUR REPORTER'S WORK

IN LEXINGTON.

—Last Monday night the second incendiary fire occurred in the easterly part of the town. The unoccupied house on the corner of Lowell and Lexington streets was burned to the ground. Efforts to trace these incendiaries should be made by our officers.

—The Unitarian Sunday school closed for the summer vacation with an extremely pleasant exercise, last Sunday afternoon. The church was handsomely adorned with flowers, and interesting addresses were made by the pastor and W. H. Baldwin, Esq. The church and school has made solid gain under the present pastorate.

—Miss Jennie E. Davis, a colored graduate of the Girl's High School in Boston, and a teacher for some years in Missouri, is about to sail to Africa to organize a girl's department of instruction in Liberia College. Miss Davis has been invited to speak in Lexington before her departure, and she has consented to come on Friday evening, July 6th, when she will give an account of her work, at Hancock church, at 8 o'clock.

—The Episcopal society of Lexington will give an entertainment in the Town Hall, Wednesday evening, July 11, consisting of tableaux and music. Refreshments will also be served during the intermission. It is hoped that the town's people and others will be liberal in their patronage to this young society. We understand the proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted towards the furnishing their new hall. Full particulars will be given in our next issue.

—Miss C. M. Grover, hands us the annual catalogue of Atlanta Baptist Female Seminary, at Atlanta, Ga. The prospectus says the object is "to train the intellect, to store the mind with useful knowledge, to induce habits of industry and a desire for general information, to inspire a love for the true and the beautiful, to prepare the pupils for practical duties of life." The motto of the school is "our whole school for Christ." The total membership of the school is 303.

—Hardly more than one hundred citizens attended the town meeting, last Tuesday evening. Mr. James Gould was chosen moderator. The items of business may be briefly outlined as \$200.00 appropriated for the needs of the Board of Health; a like amount for the building of Oakland street as laid out by the Selectmen; the Selectmen instructed to oppose the granting of the petition for a new road to Winchester; the Selectmen authorized to pay incidental expenses from unexpended balances in the treasury.

—We gladly give place to the following, desiring ever to deal fairly with all. The paragraph was hastily written Friday morning, and was only intended to convey a correct idea of the fact that Mr. Rhoades declined to withdraw his resignation:—

MR. EDITOR:—In your last issue there appeared an item that did injustice to a church and pastor, probably the result of misinformation. The Lexington Baptist church requested the pastor, Rev. C. L. Rhoades, to withdraw his resignation, and passed resolutions pledging their faithful support. After long and careful consideration, believing that a resignation once given should not be recalled, the pastor expressed the wish that it be accepted. If it was "peremptory" it was offered in a Christian spirit, and so received and accepted. The resigning pastor is followed by good wishes, and regrets that he felt his work to be elsewhere. TRUTH.

—The "Lexington" played a fine game of ball Saturday afternoon and defeated Little, Brown & Co.'s nine, a "strong team," by the following score:—

" LEXINGTONS."									
	AB.	R.	EH.	PO.	A.	E.		AB.	R.
Wellington, 2.....	2	1	2	4	1	0	Dillon, 3.....	1	1
Davis, 3.....	3	4	3	0	0	0	Wright, 4.....	0	0
Tracy, 5.....	0	0	3	2	3	3	Gilman, 6.....	1	3
Gilman, 6.....	1	3	1	0	10	0	Murphy, 1.....	5	2
Murphy, 1.....	5	2	1	0	10	0	Freese, 6.....	2	0
Freese, 6.....	2	0	1	0	0	0	W. Reed, 2.....	2	3
W. Reed, 2.....	2	3	1	0	0	0	Winship, 3.....	0	3
Winship, 3.....	0	3	3	1	0	1	F. Reed, 3.....	1	1
F. Reed, 3.....	1	1	1	0	0	0			
	25	14	14	27	13	0			
L. B. & CO.									
	AB.	R.	EH.	PO.	A.	E.		AB.	R.
Dillon, 3.....	1	1	0	3	0	0	Dillon, 3.....	1	1
Wright, 4.....	0	0	0	10	0	0	Wright, 4.....	0	0
Gilman, 6.....	1	3	1	0	10	0	Gilman, 6.....	1	3
Murphy, 1.....	5	2	1	0	10	0	Murphy, 1.....	5	2
Freese, 6.....	2	0	1	0	0	0	Freese, 6.....	2	0
W. Reed, 2.....	2	3	1	0	0	0	W. Reed, 2.....	2	3
Winship, 3.....	0	3	3	1	0	1	Winship, 3.....	0	3
F. Reed, 3.....	1	1	1	0	0	0	F. Reed, 3.....	1	1
	25	14	14	27	13	0			

LIFE'S MIRAGE.

Sad would the salt waves be,
And cold the singing sea,
And dark the gulfs that echo to the seven-
strangled lyre.

If things were what they seem,
If life had no fair dream,
No mirage made to tip the dull sea line with
fire.

But on the shores of time,
Hearing the breaker's chime
Falling by night and day along our human
sand,

The poet sits and sees,
Borne on the morning breeze,
The phantom islands float a furlong from
the land.

Content to know them there,
Hung in the shining air,
He trims no foolish sail to win the hopeless
coast.

His vision is enough
To feed his soul with love,
And he who grasps too much may even him-
self be lost.

—Edmund Gosse.

AT SILVER SPRING.

A SUMMER HOTEL EPISODE.

A lady, young, pretty, blonde,
sparkled with diamonds as she danced,
herself the magnet of all eyes, amidst
the music, light and revelry of the
August night at Silver Spring. Dia-
monds twinkled in the fair hair, poised
there as a butterfly; diamonds trembled
like dewdrops about the snowy throat,
and formed a blazing pendent medal-
lion amidst the flowers of the satin
corsage; diamonds flashed in the tiny
ears and on each dimpled wrist.

"What a lucky fellow Delaunay was
to secure such a prize!" said the mas-
culine voice unanimously.

"I wonder she dares to carry such
jewels about with her; it is very bad
taste to wear them at a hotel hop,"
was the feminine verdict.

"Professor Horton, do you see the
lady with the diamonds?" inquired the
colonel, with his soft, good-natured
laugh.

"Yes, I see her. What then?" re-
torted the professor, grimly.

"Oh, nothing at all, only the Silver
Spring will be regarded as a fashion-
able resort, what with our new Belle-
vue hotel and such guests. Next year
we shall be able to hold up our heads
with Saratoga and Newport if we can
add a race-course and club-house, sir." Here
the colonel rubbed his hands
together with a gesture which has
become traditional with the hotel
proprietor of all ages.

"Silly women, decked with diamonds
—clubs—race-courses!" echoed Pro-
fessor Horton, contemptuously. "Our
Silver Spring will be ruined by such
folies, and all respectable habitues
will quit the spot forever. I have
been here every season for fifteen years,
and—"

"Will come fifteen years more, I
hope," interpolated the colonel,
adroitly. The fat landlord adjusted the
collar which imparted his own rosy
face, a countenance most suggestive of
the oyster suppers of Silver Spring.

The face of Professor Horton was
lean, sallow and dolorous, on the con-
trary, and was clouded by the discon-
tent of one who has a grievance to lay
at the door of circumstance.

"Fiddlesticks!" he retorted, sharply.

"I will engage the state apartments of
Union hall or the Ocean house sooner
than return here. Mrs. Delaunay is
the name, eh? Are the diamonds
real?"

"Real! They are of the purest
water, and cost seventy-five thousand
dollars, I am told. She was an heiress,
you know, and when she married last
year the accumulated interest of her
minority was invested in these jewels." Such
was the colonel's glib explana-
tion.

"Who is her partner?" pursued the
professor.

"Oh, the French Marquis de Ratti.
They say he followed Mrs. Delaunay
here, after being all about in society
at New York and Washington last
winter."

"I do not believe in foreign noble-
men," grumbled the professor. "They
prove to be valets and barbers more
often than not."

Professor Horton's benevolent bulbous
nose acquired a satirical aspect,
his shrewd gray eyes twinkled behind
a rim of his spectacles, while his hu-
morous mouth twitched beneath the
grizzled beard. He surveyed the ani-
mated scene much as a naturalist in-
spects an insect under a microscope.

The Marquis de Ratti was not at all
the typical Frenchman in appearance,
although well dressed and easy in
bearing. He was a large, powerfully
built man of uncertain age, with cold
light eyes and irregular massive fea-
tures; his hands and feet were huge,
muscular and powerful, despite the
sheathing of kid and leather.

"He looks more like a prize-fighter
than a gentleman; but perhaps the
prize-fighting element is the highest
evidence of blood among the nobility,"
mused this republican spectator.

"Humph! I should not care to meet
him on a dark night. He might crack
my skull like an egg-shell between
finger and thumb. Oh, the customs of
fashion! That young husband, lean-
ing against the wall, permits the Mar-
quis de Ratti to waltz with his wife,
instead of knocking him down for his
impudence."

At this moment a pretty girl ap-
peared behind the professor and the
landlord, with round fair face and hair
mockingly brushed back from the temples,
and ingenious blue eyes. The pretty
girl smoothed her neat apron and de-
lowered her eyes demurely as she de-
manded, in the softest of voices, "If
you please, sir, may I have my tea?"

"Mrs. Delaunay's English maid,
Alice," explained the colonel, when he
had granted the request.

Why did Professor Horton follow the
English maid, so young, so gentle, and
demure with his eyes? He could not
tell. He saw her pause outside an
other window, where the Marquis de

Ratti was taking the air, the dance
being over, and it seemed to the ob-
server that the two exchanged a glance,
a smile, a swift signal, before the girl
disappeared around the corner of the
house.

"We only lack the gallantries of no-
blemen and ladies' maids to complete
the ruin of our Silver Spring," mut-
tered this stern moralist, whose ideas
were so very old-fashioned. He sought
his own chamber gloomily, for in ad-
dition to perturbation of mind, owing
to having his sylvan retreat invaded
by the Philistines of fashion, he was
literally broken by bodily fatigue. He
had rambled many miles that day,
botanizing in the valleys, and seeking
geological specimens on adjacent hills.
His shoes were dusty, his raiment bri-
torn, his loose sack-coat freighted with
the "rubbish" precious to the savant
in the wide external pockets, while
rheumatic twinges in knee and back
reminded him that he was no longer
young, thereby increasing his exasper-
ation. Then to return to a hotel
where the world was dancing,
and one woman was decked like an
idol with seventy-five thousand dollars'
worth of diamonds. The professor's
cup of bitterness brimmed over at
these reflections. The room was
stiflingly hot, but he lighted his lamp
and forced himself to read an extract
from Dr. Dollinger, while moths blun-
dered about the flame, frying them-
selves to a condition of unpleasant
crispness, and mosquitoes stung his
temples. His watch marked midnight
and still the movement of the ballroom
and the twang of musical instruments
reached his ear, precluding the possi-
bility of sleep.

"Sneak, sneak, fiddles! Boom
away, bass viols! Keep it up until
morning, by all means. I wonder if
that is the music of the future? A-h-h!"
Here the listener clinched his teeth,
with a truly diabolical expression of
countenance, as the violins shuddered
over his nervous system, snatched up
his broad felt hat and strode out of
doors, actuated by the impulse of
escape.

The night was sultry and oppressive.
The professor breathed a sigh of relief
as he quitted the vicinity of the hotel,
which sparkled with many lights
through the trees like an ogre's eye.
Darkness and the obscurity of shrub-
bery welcomed him abroad at this un-
usual hour. He strolled about the
grave paths, fanning himself with his
hat, and paused beneath the projecting
roof of the ornamental kiosk of the
Silver Spring.

"There will be a thunderstorm be-
fore morning," soliloquized the profes-
sor, replacing his hat.

All was deliciously still here, and far
below, guarded by the encircling basin,
bubbled the Silver Spring, cool and
limpid, source of health, as the profes-
sor firmly believed. Had not the
nymph of the fountain spread her
wings in startled flight in the disas-
trous change from rural tranquillity to
a fashionable resort? The professor
leaned on the parapet, and peered into
the crystal depths of the spring, mus-
ing in this vein. As he did so he per-
ceived two persons advancing from
opposite directions to meet a few yards
distant from himself. They proved to
be a man and a woman, and they
scarcely paused before separating again
with the same rapidity of movement as
they had met.

"Wait for me," said the woman.

"I shall have to manage to get away
at all."

"I will wait until morning," re-
plied the man.

"She is sure to dance to the very
last, you know," added the woman.

"Don't lose your head, that's all,"
admonished the man.

"I lose my head, indeed!" retorted
the woman, whose voice and bearing
were youthful.

The professor moved slowly away,
scarcely heeding these words wafted to
his ear by a passing breeze. At an
angle of the path was a rustic bench
beneath a larch tree, known as Pro-
fessor Horton's favorite seat. Hither
he directed his steps in an irritated
mood, and sank down on it in sheer
weariness. The scent of flowers
reached him, while the foliage seemed
to spread above him "fragrant robes
of darkness." Grateful repose suc-
ceeded noise and light, lulling all his
senses to soft oblivion. He fell asleep.

He was awakened by a terrific peal
of thunder, and opened his eyes with a
bewildered uncertainty as to surround-
ing objects. The trees swayed wildly
in the rising wind; a few large drops
of rain fell heavily among the leaves;
lightning quivered on the horizon.
Suddenly a female form bent over
him, some small object was thrust in
his hand, and a voice whispered in his
ear:

"I am early. She had a headache.
Quick! take them, or I shall be
missed."

The thunder rolled, the trees
swayed, the woman vanished. Pro-
fessor Horton winked several times,
and opened his mouth to speak,
then closed his lips without sound. The
object thus unexpectedly consigned to
his care was a small leather bag,
scarcely more than a tobacco pouch,
and heavy. Mechanically he thrust it
into one of the wide pockets of his
loose coat. Hark! A heavy footstep
crushed the gravel on the path to the
right. The professor rose to his own
feet as if moved by a spring, his knees
shook, his teeth chattered, a deadly
fear smote him.

Fear of evil? He did not know.
To shrink to the left, gain the next
clump of shrubbery and conceal him-
self was the work of a moment, and
accomplished with the more ease that
he knew every inch of ground from
long familiarity. Had he not planted
many of these trees, which now proved
friends? The hiding-place gained was
a larch surrounded by stiff little Jap-
anese cedars, and forming a sort of
labyrinth. Scarcely had the professor
glided into this shelter than a vivid
sheet of lightning illuminated the
whole country side. He saw himself

seated on the rustic bench beneath the
larch tree! He could not believe the
evidence of his own senses; the breath
remained suspended on his lips. Was
he to believe that his hour had come?
There sat his own image on the rustic
bench, the soft hat pulled down over
the brow, the broad shoulders, the
slouching nondescript attire; nothing
was lacking to complete the resem-
blance. Was he still asleep, victim of
nightmare, or had he gone mad? He
pinched his flesh and rubbed his eyes
violently. The figure under the larch
tree did not vanish. Swift realization
of the truth dawned on the drowsy
scholar. He was alone, at a distance
from the now silent hotel, and he had
in his pocket a bag which belonged to
the other. What if this unknown had
found him still on the bench? What
if he emerged now, accosted the stranger
and gave him the bag?

"I should be murdered as sure as
there is a heaven above us," shuddered
the man of letters, with a conviction
for which he could give no reason.

At this juncture the wind freshened,
and the rain fell in torrents, while the
lightning became less frequent. Pro-
fessor Horton quitted the larch tree,
reached the hotel with surprising agili-
ty, found a window of the recent ball-
room unfastened, groped his way
through that deserted apartment and
gained his own chamber. The bag was
gone. He had lost it from the wide
pocket, probably in his flight. His
watch marked 2 o'clock. The professor
extinguished his candle, opened the
shutters of the window, and seated
himself with his eyes fixed on the east-
ern horizon. He was a prey to the
most exciting emotions.

Professor Horton was the first
votary of the Silver Spring abroad
next morning. If he was feverish and
haggard, with a stealthy, even furtive
aspect, the boy at the fountain did
not notice the circumstance. Always
an early riser, the professor slipped a
glass of the sparkling water, and then
walked along the upper paths of the
grounds. Cautiously he skirted the
rustic seat beneath the larch tree, and
approached the larch. A short, dry
laugh of triumph escaped the lips of
the usually undemonstrative student.
A leather bag, half pouch, lay, con-
cealed by the long grass, beneath the
spreading boughs. The larch tree had
kept its secret well. The bag remained
where it had fallen from the profes-
sor's wide pocket. He clutched it,
returned to his room, and proceeded to
investigate the contents. The little
bag held the Delaunay diamonds.
Necklace, bracelet, butterfly ornament
—nothing was lacking in this precious
heap swept hastily from cumbersome
case and casket.

Five minutes later the rosy landlord
was seized by the collar, dragged into
his private office, and confronted by
Professor Horton, whose agitation
verged on sheer lunacy. The latter
took from his pocket a little bag and
poured out the Delaunay diamonds,
telling a wild and incoherent tale mean-
while about a larch tree and midnight
rambles.

"Nobody would believe it, you
know," said the colonel, coolly. The
hotel proprietor is never surprised in
this world.

"Take the trinkets, and restore them
in your own way. Do not mention me
in the transaction," retorted the profes-
sor. He stooped and plunged his
fingers once more into the rainbow of
precious stones with a sort of intoxica-
tion; the starry rays of rose and
blue dazzled, blinded him. "Beauti-
ful and fatal gift to man!" he mur-
mured, with parched lips.

The colonel closed one eye, with the
aspect of a sagacious bird.

Professor Horton sought his bed and
slept heavily until 4 o'clock in the af-
ternoon. He was awakened by voices,
and peered through the shutters of his
window. A carriage waited to take
the Delaunay party to the steamboat
on the lake. Mr. and Mrs. Delaunay
were already seated, while Alice, the
maid, had paused to reply to the head
waiter, after which she re-entered the
hotel. At this moment Professor Hor-
ton's door was opened, and the colonel
entered with the bounding swiftness
of movement peculiar to fat men in
haste. If the conduct of the professor
had been extraordinary in the morning
when he had restored the jewels, that
of the colonel was not less so in the
afternoon. He locked the door, made
a warning gesture to the professor,
and stole on tiptoe to a second door at
the extremity of the large room,
where he lay down on the floor and
applied eye and ear to the crack.
Voices became audible in the adjoining
chamber.

"I was there at 1 o'clock and gave
it to you," said a woman.

"A lie! I waited all night and you
did not come," said a man.

"I gave it to a person under the
tree, and he took it," gasped the
woman.

"Fool! Then the game is up. Get
yourself dismissed at Newport and out
to New York. If I believed you were
tricky, my girl, it would be the worse
for you."

There was a sound of footsteps,
and immediately afterward the Delaunay
carriage rolled away.

The colonel rose to his feet, chuck-
ling at the success of his stratagem.

"Set a thief—ahem—I mean a
woman to catch a woman. My wife
thought of having the English maid
sent back in search of a missing bag,
in order to give her a chance to com-
municate with her accomplice in the
hotel, if she had one. The bag was
dropped in the empty room next to you,
for the purpose, and a man joined her
there. Your story is amply corrobor-
ated, you see, by the few words ex-
changed."

"I believe the Marquis de Ratti is
the accomplice, and no more a French-
man than you are," exclaimed the profes-
sor.

"So do I; but how to prove it?"
rejoined the colonel.

"You should have them arrested,"
urged the professor.

"What is the charge? Your ad-
ventures of the night? The noble
marquis is caught whispering with a
pretty girl? No, no; I gave back
the diamonds to Mr. Delaunay—with
a suitable explanation—and he has
carried them away in a money-belt.
We alone know the whole truth."

"And the larch tree," added the
professor. "It was the noble larch
tree that kept the secret, my friend.
Well, well, I hope you are pleased
with the fashionable elements attracted
to our Silver Spring. Doubtless the
Marquis de Ratti and the demure
English maid Alice belong to one of
those bands of English thieves who
are said to keep a map of country-
seats with reference to the plate chest,
and are now trying their fortune in
America. How beautiful they were—
those diamonds!"

The Marquis de Ratti departed by
the 9 o'clock boat that same evening.
His foreign accent was never more
apparent than when he took leave of
Silver Spring.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Summer Diet.

The relaxing effect of the heat is
inevitable. The amount of work ac-
complished falls off of necessity either
in quality or quantity, and yet people
blindly go on eating indiscriminately
and without a limit, except the appe-
tite, as is their habit in cold weather.
The engineer who wants half the
steam he has been using, lowers the
fuel supply, but men and women who
need less stimulus from food, because
less work is practicable, neglect to
change the selection and amount of
articles of food, and then wonder that
they feel the heat so sensibly and labor
with difficulty. Between the heat
generated by an excess of food, and
the effect of the sun's activities, the
body is kept in a temperature which
is not only uncomfortable, but danger-
ous. The appetite is less, but the
variety of food which tempts it is un-
changed, and the cook remains the
most important member of the house-
hold, when that artist ought to be con-
scious that his occupation is somewhat
under a cloud, and that the time has
come for that plain living and high
thinking of which he may have heard.
It is a grave thing to face three months
of heat. The preparation must be
adequate, and the body must be helped
to have the odds in its favor, and the
light diet is the most direct method of
reaching this result. The butchers
may suffer, but the fruit and vegetable
dealers will have their chance. The
festive but destructive pie may disap-
pear for a time, but the thousand trifles
in cookery with which the palate is
pleased, but not inebriated, are in
order. Milk, fruit, vegetables and
bread will suffice, and meat may be re-
garded as a relatively occasional re-
source. The poor may complain that
a simple diet is their portion the year
round, and yet for them vegetables
and fruit, when possible, are better
than heavy meat. The vegetarians
ought to have their innings, or come
near doing so, till the middle of Sep-
tember. Then, too, it is desirable often
to eat sparingly several times a day, as
a dyspeptic finds profitable, rather than
to overload the stomach at one meal.
Advice is cheap, but the simple living
suggested will make the summer tol-
erable and healthful, and work and
recreation will seem easy and deligh-
ful to a degree which high or full liv-
ing will make out of the question.—
Boston Advertiser.

Improvement of Grain by Selection.

The principle of selection has long
been appreciated by stock-breeders,
and they have largely profited by the
application of its teachings. As
applied to the growth of cereals it has
not found a very wide acceptance, not
having had time to force itself on the
attention of the average farmer. The
founder of the practice of selecting
grain for seed is Major Hallett, F. L. S.,
Brighton, England. In 1861 he
planted ten grains of wheat, from a
variety known there as Bellevue Tal-
avera wheat, which up to that time had
been sown as a spring wheat, and was
declared to be quite incapable of with-
standing the frost of winter. Nine
of the ten plants from these grains
were killed by the severe frost, but
the other plant, although from the
same ear, remained as healthy and
vigorous as any of the winter varieties
of wheat by their side. From this
surviving plant seed has been selected
and grown year after year as a winter
wheat. Close observation shows that
in the cereals, as throughout nature,
no two plants or grains are exactly
alike in productive power, and hence
that of any two or greater number of
grains or plants one is always superior
to all the others, although the superi-
ority can only be ascertained by actual
field tests. It may consist in several
particular characteristics, as power to
withstand frost; prolificness; size and
character of ear; size, form, quality
and weight of grain; length and stiff-
ness of straw; powers of tillering;
rapidity of growth, and many others.
—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Wastefulness of Nature.

Life is sown broadcast, only to be
followed almost immediately by a de-
struction nearly as sweeping. Nature
creates by the million, apparently that
she may destroy by the myriad. She
gives life one instant, only that she
may snatch it away the next. The
main difference is that the higher
we ascend, the less lavish the creation,
and the less sweeping the destruction.
Thus, while probably but one fish in a
thousand reaches maturity, of every
1,000 children born 604 attain adult
age. That is, nature flings aside 999
out of every 1,000 fishes as useless for
her purposes, and two out of every
five human beings.

The Mexican revenues, which in 1879
were but \$16,128,000, rose last year to
nearly \$32,304,000, and are expected
to reach \$40,000,000 this year.

AN OIL REGION ROMANCE.

NOW JOB MOSES' PERSEVERANCE
WAS REWARDED.

Discovering and Developing the Celebrated
Bradford Oil Region in the Face of
Great Obstacles.

Job Moses, to whose faith in the ex-
istence of petroleum in the now
famous Bradford region, and to his
persistence in manifesting his faith by
his works, led to the development of
the territory and transforming a
wilderness into one of the most popu-
lar and wealthy communities in
Pennsylvania, has sold his vast pos-
sessions in the region and removed to
New York city. Twenty years ago
the oil excitement in Oil Creek, in the
lower field, was at its height, and
Moses, having made a large fortune in
patent medicines, with headquarters in
Rochester, was attacked by the oil
fever. The symptoms in his case took
the form of a mania to develop a new
petroleum field, and investigations led
him to Bradford, in the valley of the
Tunungawant creek. He advanced
the theory at once that there was a
vast lake of petroleum underlying the
whole region, and he set about secur-
ing territory upon which to test his
theory. Bradford was then a mere
hamlet of a score or so of scattered
families, depending on lumbering and
farming for support. When Moses
began his operations the business of
the Bradford branch amounted to
about \$2,000 a month, and when he
made the prophecy that the day was
not distant when that amount would
be increased ten-fold through the oil
that would be found on all sides of it,
the belief that he was crazy was
strengthened in the community.

For thirteen years Job Moses pros-
pected among the mountains and
through the valley, his faith never wa-
vering. Then his fortune was ex-
hausted, and he had thousands of
acres of unproductive rocks and forest
on his hands. At that time oil wells
were drilled to a depth of not over
nine hundred feet, at which depth the
deposit was found in the lower field.
When Moses had spent all his money,
the earnestness and enthusiasm with
which he clung to the theory that
there was oil in the region led outside
capitalists to come to his aid. In 1875
the idea occurred to some one—it is
not known exactly to whom now—that
it would be a reasonable risk to drill a
well deeper than the lower region
depth. This was done, and at the
depth of 1,100 feet the oil sand was
found, and a fifty-barrel flowing well
was struck. It was discovered then
that the Bradford oil was in a third
sand, while the Oil City deposit was in
a second sand, below the surface.

The strike created much excitement
in the valley, but outsiders had no
faith in the extent of the field or the
"lasting" qualities of the sand. Job
Moses had, however, and he was con-
tent to await events. He held on to
his land, and well after war was put
down, every one proving to be a good
producer. But it was not until 1877
that the persistence and pluck of the
pioneer oil operator in the McKean
field were crowned with full success.
The wells in the lower field had long
ceased to flow, and the supply of oil
depended on the pump. The Bradford
wells were not only flowing wells, but
they flowed month after month without
any perceptible decrease in their yield.
The new field could no longer be ridi-
culed nor ignored, and in 1876-7 that
remarkable exodus of operators from
all the other oil-fields to Bradford
commenced.

In the first three months of 1877 the
population of Bradford increased from
300 to 3,500 actual inhabitants, while
the transient population—operators
coming and going—was at least 10,000.
In March, 1877, the monthly receipts
of the Bradford branch of the Erie
railway had grown to \$35,000, then
more than fulfilling the prophecy of
Job Moses, made fourteen years before.
Over \$100,000,000 came into the Brad-
ford field in four years, and all other
fields were nearly deserted. And
Moses had his reward. The fortune
he had spent in demonstrating to the
incredulous and scoffing community
that there was oil in the Tunungawant
valley and all the hills about was re-
turned to him a hundred-fold. Satis-
fied with the results of his twenty
years' labors in the region, he sold the
7,000 acres of land he still held, and all
his other property at and about Lime-
stone, which place he selected as his
residence early in the history of the
field, and taken up his residence in
New York. The great oil-field, to the
development of which his efforts dis-
tinctly led, has been rapidly declining
for a year and more past. There is no
more new territory to drill, and the
old wells are not averaging more than
four barrels a day, and most of them
are pumped at that. Many of them
have failed entirely, and the production
of the whole district cannot be more
than 35,000 barrels a day. But there
are stored in the tanks of the oil
regions over 34,000,000 barrels of
petroleum, surplus production, of
which probably eight tenths came from
the west of the northern field. Brad-
ford, however, will continue to be a
prosperous city even after the oil sup-
ply is entirely exhausted, for industries
and business enterprises have been
founded there which do not depend on
oil traffic and operations for their exis-
tence, and there are vast coal and lum-
ber districts yet to be developed. The
perseverance of Job Moses anticipated
the growth and prosperity of the entire
northwestern boundary of Pennsylv-
ania at least twenty years.—*New
York Times.*

A report of the Belgian consul at
Shanghai shows that the commercial
treaties concluded with China by Ger-
many, the United States and Russia
during 1880-81 have led to an enor-
mous increase in business.

It is upon the smooth ice we slip;
The roughest path is safest.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The experiment in acclimating the
tea-plant in France is giving encourag-
ing results.

About \$25,000,000 are invested in
the manufacture of bread, cracker and
other bakery products in this country,
representing some 7,000 establis-
ments, \$45,000,000 in material, giving
an annual production of \$70,000,000.

Lecturing in Boston on the sun,
Professor Samuel P. Langley said that
if a column of ice having a diameter
at its base of forty-five miles, and ex-
tending to the moon, were erected on
one of our Western prairies, and all
the heat of the sun were concentrated
suddenly upon it, it would melt and
become paper in a single second.

Recent investigations throw some
light on the relations between the
presence of starch and sugar in plants.
It is found that sugar occurs in the
leaves and accumulates in the stem
until the moment of the formation of
starch in the seeds. It then passes
first into the inflorescence to support
it, and subsequently into the seeds
themselves, where it is replaced by
starch. The function of the sugar
would appear, therefore, to be that of
furnishing the seeds with the elements
of starch.

Lecturing recently upon the geologi-
cal history of Palestine, Professor E-
Hull, F. R. S., mentioned that the
physical phenomenon which renders
the Holy Land unique among all
countries is the remarkable depression
of the Dead sea, the surface of which
is not less than thirteen hundred feet
below the level of the Mediterranean.
As the sea can have no outlet saline
matters gather in great quantity, and
24.57 pounds of salts are found to
exist in each hundred pounds of sur-
face water, while the Atlantic contains
but six pounds in each hundred.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

An entire set of bedroom furniture
made of glass is the freak of a Spanish
grauze.

A paper steamboat, capable of car-
rying twenty-five persons, is a recent
triumph of a firm near Troy, N. Y.

Under the illumination of the elec-
tric lamp photographs have been made
of the human vocal organs in the act
of singing.

Mississippi has peach trees with
blood red leaves, the first of which
grew on the battlefield of Baker
Creek on the spot saturated with the
blood of General Tighman.

French silk manufacturers are re-
ported to be very hopeful as to the
capabilities of a big spider lately dis-
covered in Africa, which weaves a yel-
low web of great strength and elas-
ticity.

In the days when round slices of
bread served for plates, it was custo-
mary after great banquets to distribute
them to the poor, who in this way had
a chance to learn the flavor of the meat
which they seldom tasted.

Many persons who purchase eggs
show a decided preference for those
that have dark-colored shells. They
think their contents are richer. In
some Eastern cities retailers sort their
eggs and ask a higher price for those
having finely-colored shells.

The perpetual clock which has been
running in Brussels for a year without
stopping, is wound up by a draft of
air through a tube, which operates on
a fan connected with the machinery.
The draft is made to pass upward by
exposure to the heat of the sun.

Cannibalism in Russia.

The *Terekha Vedomosti* reports a
case which shows that the supersti-
tion attributing magical power to the
eating of human flesh is not confined
to the Australian aborigines. In the
graveyard of the village of Naurusov,
in the Nalshik district, the police no-
ticed that the grave of a recently
buried child was much disturbed. Sus-
picion fell on a man reputed to be a
sorcerer. His hut was searched, and
he was found sitting at the fire, on
which was a pot simmering. He re-
fused to answer any questions, but, on
the adjoining bedroom being examined,
a large portion of the body of the
missing child was found hanging from
a hook, and in a corner of the room
were the skulls of several children.

The wretch, upon being interrogated
as to where was the remaining portion
of the child's body, pointed silently to
the pot. His daughter, a miserable,
starved girl, admitted, on examina-
tion, that the father used regularly to
steal the bodies of little children, cook
and eat the flesh, and from the fat
make ointments and medicines, which
he gave as charms. He had threatened
to kill and eat her if she ever gave in-
formation of his doings.—*London Times.*

Hospitality of the Dutch Boers.

When a traveler arrives at a habita-
tion he alights from his horse, enters
the house, shakes hands with the man,
kisses the women and sits down with-
out further ceremony. When the table
is spread, he takes his place among the
family without waiting for an invita-
tion; this is never given, on the sup-
position that a traveler, in a country
so thinly inhabited, must always have
an appetite for something. Accord-
ingly, "What will you make use of?"
is generally the first question. If there
be a bed in the house it is given to a
stranger. If none, which is frequently
the case among the grades of Great
Boys, he must take his chance for a
form, or bench, or a heap of sheep-
skins, among the rest of the family.
In the morning, after a solid breakfast,
he takes his saps, or gun, or brandy,
orders his horse to be saddled, to saddle
the horse, again shakes hands with
the man and kisses the women, and
wishes them health, and then wishes
him a good journey. In this manner
a traveler might pass through the
whole country.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A Pickle for Eggs.

There is no better pickle for eggs than that in common use by egg dealers. It is made as follows: A quantity of fresh stone-lime in the proportion of one peck to a barrel of water is first slaked with cold water to a smooth paste in the usual manner. Water is then added and the whole is stirred until a thin, creamy fluid is made. The eggs are packed, if in small quantities, in tubs, pails or jars, and the "milk of lime," as it is called, is poured over to cover them. A cloth is laid over the top close around the edges, and is covered with the thick paste of lime, which settles to the bottom. This seals the jar from the air, and it should always be kept covered with water, as evaporation reduces the quantity. In a large way brick vats are used, and the eggs are moved in and out with a large wire draining scoop, and are washed and dried in lath crates or baskets over tubs or sinks.

Clean Stables.

There is possibly no more repulsive sight than a dirty cow stable, and one in which dairy cattle are housed is especially offensive. It has been demonstrated that cows neglected in this respect fail to yield a perfect flow of milk, and it is reasonable to suppose that such is the case. The richest of food may be given to them, but if their condition in the stall be neglected they will not thrive. The foul odor of a filthy stable must necessarily permeate not only the animal's hide, but it has been proven that the meat of stall-fed steers fattened under these circumstances is unwholesome; moreover, the milk, even during the period of milking, is liable to absorb the filthy emanations from such stables and to become absolutely poisonous. It would seem, therefore, reasonable that owners and dealers in cattle and milk should appreciate the importance of cleanliness and its relation to health, even as a source of profit.—*The Sanitarian*.

Cultivating Apples.

A writer in a Virginia paper devoted to farming interests says: How much improvement has been made upon the apple for the last forty years? I think I am safe in saying less than in any other department either of agriculture or horticulture; in fact, the leading apple to-day was the leading apple then, only growing poorer as it gets farther from the parent stock. Having had considerable experience in grafting, I have observed the farther you get from the original stock the poorer the quality as to keeping, size and taste. In fact I can show specimens of different kinds become very near in kind to the last stock grafted on, and why should they not, grafted in the haphazard way it is done? For instance, take two small scions of a delicate, sweet variety, and graft them into a nearly sour stock, and you might as well expect perfect stock bred from scrags and thoroughbreds. In many cases I find the Greening and Baldwin poor keepers, and not near up to the original specimen in size, beauty or flavor; but the causes, I think, are easily remedied.

In the first place, do not take trees from a rich garden soil that have a large, tender growth and expect them to do well on some poor, worn-out side hill; rather give your money to the poor, when you may not be disappointed. The only true way I can see for improvement is to get trees, if possible, grown on soil like that on which they are to stand, and grow them thick enough so that when they get sufficient growth to commence bearing you can select out the different kinds and graft the sweet into stock of the same kind and sour the sour, keeping in view size, quality, etc. Graft the late or keeping qualities on the same kind and early on the early. In this way the stock can be improved; you can have an orchard in bearing sooner; your trees will grow up adapted to the soil and climate, and give better satisfaction in every way.

To verify my statements, I will take the Pound Sweeting. I can show on two trees standing near together, the scions taken from the same tree, one very sweet and the other a decided sour. Again, I can show the same apple that rots before it falls from the tree, and others that will keep until next June; and trees that bear large and fair specimens, while others poor and small.

Farm and Garden Notes.

See to it if you would have healthy hogs that they are never without salt and charcoal.

Beans will ripen sooner if planted rather thickly; at an inch apart in the row is the proper distance.

A farmer who makes a great deal of butter asks what shall be done with the sour milk. Feed it to turkeys, chickens and pigs, or if you keep none of these, make it into cottage cheese.

Cabbage and other plants intended for the garden should be transplanted once and their leaves shortened before being finally set out. This makes them stocky. A second removal does not injure them.

Oats and barley should be rolled when they are three or four inches high, especially if the weather is very warm and dry. The roller checks the too rapid growth caused by the warm weather and promotes tillering at the roots.

Hoeing, and the frequent stirring of the surface of the soil, are important in dry weather. Those parts of the garden that are most constantly cultivated show the best results. Corn will stand almost any drought if the soil around the hills be frequently stirred.

Cut worms are often destructive to young cabbage plants. A paper wrapped around the stem, extending two inches above the surface, will prevent their work. Better still, if prac-

ticable, plant the cabbage patch in some place not infected by these pests.

To secure hens for profitable laying, cross a large and a small breed together. It is better if the male be of the small breed. If breeding is continued from the same fowls a subsequent year, it is then desirable to get the male from a large breed, and thus alternate each year.

Professor Shelton, of the Kansas State agricultural college, holds that the cultivation of such crops as broom-corn, hemp, flax, and per-aps castor-beans, which furnish but little if any stock feed, will ultimately lead to serious consequences in the loss of fertility sustained by the lands so cultivated.

A great many fields, especially those long and narrow, are always plowed the same way. Simply changing the direction of working will often make a great increase in productiveness. The furrow cut across the old lines of furrows is not stopped by the same stones, while new soil is opened to the growth of plant roots.

As soon as the early crop of potatoes has been harvested you may plant sun-flowers. Put the seeds in twelve inches apart each way, and when they are a foot high earth them up and they will need no further care. If you keep bees the blossoms will be valuable, while the seeds are excellent for poultry and are in demand for making toilet soap.

Experiments recently made in Europe with a view to a certain the best method of preserving manure show that manure allowed to accumulate under cattle three months or more in specially constructed deep stalls was found in every case, as compared with that of ordinary manure heaps, in a more workable condition to keep the ammoniacal salts better preserved and the useful ingredients in greater proportions.

One of the most satisfactory methods of growing young vegetable or flower plants is to plant one seed in a half egg-shell or in a hollowed piece of turnip or beet filled with a little earth. The plants can be transplanted by simply breaking the shell, or if in turnips, the receptacle will rot away, supplying nutriment to the plant. This practice is followed to a considerable extent among small gardeners. Plants grown in this manner are sure to live when transplanted.

A noted horticulturist once said that if he could have but one way of applying water to plants he should prefer to apply it to the leaves. It is frequently observed that plants endure dry weather better if water is applied freely to the foliage, than they do if watered entirely through the ground. The explanation of this fact is obvious. Transpiration or evaporation takes place through the leaves. This evaporation is checked by the application of water to the leaves, causing the plant to make greater use of the moisture it obtains from the soil.

Recipes.

SOUP WITH POACHED EGGS.—Poach some eggs—one for each person, and one over—in salted water, with a little vinegar, some peppercorns, and a few leaves of parsley in a shallow pan, just long enough to set the yolks slightly; take out each egg with a slice, brush it clean with a paste brush, and cut it with a round, fluted paste cutter, about two inches in diameter, so as to get all the eggs in uniform shape, and leaving neither too much nor too little white around them. Turn the egg over carefully, brush it clean, and lay it in the soup-tureen, ready filled with boiling hot, clear jelly broth. The water in which the eggs are poached should be kept at boiling point, but never boil.

BREADCRUMB PUDDING.—Make breadcrumbs by rubbing the crumbs of a stale loaf through a fine wire sieve; put a pint of milk and an ounce of fresh butter into a saucepan on the fire, with sugar to taste, and the thin rind of a lemon, cut, if possible, in one piece; when the milk boils strew breadcrumbs into it until a thick porridge is obtained; turn it out into a basin. When cold remove the lemon rind, and stir in one by one the yolks of four eggs, mix well, then stir in the whites of two eggs beaten up to a stiff froth, and a small quantity of candied citron peel cut very thin. Have a plain mold buttered and breadcrumbed very carefully all over, pour the composition into it, and bake it about half an hour. Serve cold with a compote of any fruit round it.

GRAPE JELLY.—Cut the grapes before they are too ripe, as they become watery then, but they must be ripe enough to have a good flavor, or the jelly will be very acid; pick each grape from the stem, and do not use green or wilted ones; put them over the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle, not a brass one, and let them boil up, mashing them well; then strain the juice and measure it, putting it back on the fire, and let it boil thirty or forty minutes; to each pint of juice allow a pound of crushed sugar, which put in the upper oven of the range to warm; when the juice has boiled the time mentioned add the heated sugar, and stir until all is dissolved; then boil ten minutes and test it; if it drops from the spoon thick it is done. It is very uncertain as to time, therefore difficult to give an exact rule, but should not be boiled more than twenty-five minutes or it loses its color and flavor.

Household Hints.

To clean raisins, wipe them with a dry towel. Never wash them, for it will make cakes or puddings heavy.

Corn husks, braided, make serviceable and handsome mats. The braids to be sewed with sack-needle and twine.

A flannel cloth dipped in warm soap suds, then into whiting, and applied to paint, will instantly remove all grease.

Cabbage is made digestible by first blanching, and then putting in boiling

water, with a pinch of soda and some salt, and boiling just fifteen minutes.

A porcelain-lined kettle that will no longer serve for fruit is just the thing for the corn loaf. A three or four-quart fruit can answers well the same purpose.

To take ink spots out of linen, dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow, then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it. This is said to be unfailing.

The Longstone.

In the parish of St. Maybn, in East Cornwall, England, and on the high road from B. dmin to Camelford, is a group of houses (one of them a smith's shop) known by the name of Longstone. The curious traveler passing by inquires the reason of such a name, for there is no tall monolith, such as are not uncommon in Cornwall, to be seen near it. The reason is given by *Notes and Queries*:

In lack of records I may say "in the days of King Arthur there lived in Cornwall" a smith. The smith was a keen fellow, who made and mended the plows and harrows, and shod the horses of his neighbors, and was generally serviceable. He had also great skill in farriery and in the general management and cure of sick cattle. He could also extract the stubborn tooth, even if the jaw resisted and some gyrations around the anvil were required.

There seems ever to have been ill blood between devil and smith, teste Bunstan and others, and so it was between the fiend and the smith farrier-dentist of St. Maybn. At night there were many and fierce disputes between them in the smithy. The smith, as the rustics tell, always got the advantage of his adversary, and gave him better than he brought. This success, however, only fretted old Nick and spurred him on to further encounter. What the exact matter of controversy on this particular occasion was is not remembered, but it was agreed to settle it by some wager, some trial of strength and skill. A two-acre field was near, and the smith challenged the devil to the reaping of each his acre in the shortest time. The match came off, and the devil was beaten, for the smith had beforehand st. althly stuck here and there over his opponent's acre some harrow tines, or teeth.

The two started well, but soon the strong swing of the fiend's scythe was being brought up frequently by some obstruction, and as frequently required the whetstone. The dexterous and agile smith went on smoothly with his acre, and was soon unmistakably gaining. The devil, enraged at his certain discomfiture, hurled his whetstone at his rival and flew off. The whetstone, thrown with great violence, after sundry whirls into the air, fell upright into the soil to a great depth, and there remained a witness against the evil one for many ages. The devil avoided the neighborhood while it stood. In an evil hour the farmer at Treblethor set his heart upon the Longstone, for there were gate posts and door posts to be had out of it, and he threw it down. That night the enemy returned, and has haunted the neighborhood ever since.

One Way of Getting Married.

When a man in decent rank of life in India wishes to marry, and can prove he possesses the means of maintaining a wife, it is customary for him to apply to the mistress of the Byulla school, state his wishes and qualifications, and inquire into the number and character of the marriageable girls. An investigation immediately follows as to his eligibility, and if all promises satisfactorily, he is forthwith invited to take tea with the schoolmistress upon an appointed evening, to give him an opportunity of making his selection. The elder girls are then informed of his intended visit, and of its purpose, and those who desire to enter the matrimonial lists come forward and signify their wish to join the party. Frequently four or five competitors make their appearance on these occasions in the mistress's room. The gentleman, while doing his best to make himself agreeable, yet contrives in the course of the evening to mark his preference for one particular lady. Should these symptoms of budding affection be favorably received, he tenders his proposal in due form on the following morning. But it often occurs the selected lady does not participate in the innamorata's sudden flame, in which case she is at perfect liberty to decline the honor of his alliance, and reserve herself for the next tea-party exhibition.

One-Sided.

When at school we made the acquaintance of a young Frenchman, who was nervously anxious to learn the idioms of our language. He used excellent English in conversation, and was greatly pleased when he heard a new expression, which he was sure to treasure up and give as his own at the earliest opportunity.

He one day heard a friend characterize another person as "two-faced." After inquiring what the meaning of the expression was, he stored the epithet away for future use. He frequently took part in our society debates, and always spoke with spirit and not a little pathos. At a meeting of the society not long after, in the midst of a speech he found an opportunity to use the new compound word. But in the excitement of the debate his memory did not stand by him as it would if he had been less nervous. This is what he said:

"If there ever existed a two-faced man, I fear it was I. I have been two-faced since I was a boy, and I am sure I shall be so to the end of my days."

The laugh of his associates revealed to him the fact that he had blundered, and an explanation did not relieve his mortification.—*Youth's Companion*.

A TERRIBLE AVALANCHE.

HORRORS OF A SUDDEN SNOWFALL IN ARIZONA.

A Mountain of Snow Precipitated Upon a Village—Fifty-Nine Persons Losing Their Lives—Snow Fifty Feet High.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press describes a journey which he took from Van in Turkey to the village of Shandalen in Armenia, fifty miles distant, the scene of a terrible snowslide last March. We take up his story from the time he arrived at Shandalen:

Arriving, at length, at our journey's end, we began to realize a little the severity of the accident that has occurred, but of which only the seeing and hearing on the spot can enable one to form an accurate idea. Since leaving the top of the pass we have descended more than 2,000 feet, but we find the situation of the village exceedingly wild and romantic. It is built at a point where another branch of the Tigris converges with the one we have followed. Even here the space between the mountains available for buildings is not more than 400 or 500 feet, and the houses are built as closely together as possible, and in such a peculiar fashion that the roofs of the first story form the streets that are most used, being connected with others by bridges over the narrow lower streets, now mostly filled with snow. The comparatively few second-story rooms rise above these roof streets. As you stand and look about you the mountains rise in majestic grandeur on every side; here a blank perpendicular wall of rock; there a steep mountain side where a few trees, perhaps, find standing room, and you feel as if shut out from all the world. It was down this steep ravine, beginning from a point some three miles away, that the avalanche swept, leaving destruction in its path.

After two or three days of steady snowfall the people of the village were cheered by the bright shining forth of the northern sun. Until 10 o'clock on this warm day they were busy about their usual avocations, when they were suddenly startled by a noise like the firing of 100 cannon. Simultaneously the bright sun was overclouded, while the inhabitants of one end of the village found great trees crashing in upon them and their houses falling a'out their heads. The people of the south end of the village, as they were able to come forth, which, for some minutes they could not do, the great pressure from without making the opening of doors impossible, found several inches of snow on their roofs, but the north end was buried under a mountain of snow. Along the hither edge of this snowy mountain one and another were seen to be wholly or partially buried, and the affrighted survivors set to work to extricate them from their peril. About 100 persons were thus taken out alive, but under that debris were buried fifty-nine souls, destined never more to see the light of day. From the house thus swept away a few of the people were absent at work; some happened to be at other houses, and quite a number of children were at school. These were soon walling in agony over the loss of those most dear to them. The scenes of that day beggar description. To-day I have been over this scene of ruin. The snow, which was piled fifty feet high, above the river, and for two hours blocked its course, has now most melted away, and one can judge a little of what really happened. The first and greatest mischief was not from the snow itself, but from the violence of the wind, it forced before it. Great trees that had stood the tempests for scores of years, torn up by their roots, their boughs wrenched away, and large trunks often broken off or twisted into kindling-wood, just as a cyclone treats its victims, had been brought fifty or one hundred rods and strewn in wild ruins upon and among the houses and in the bed of the river and on the bank beyond, and then snow had been piled upon them. It was the cloud of snow thus tossed into the heavens and carried for a half mile or more by this terrible wind that darkened the sun at midday. Such a powerful wind is said not to be a usual accompaniment of avalanches here. The explanation given is that the snow was light and fresh, not compacted as is usual, and so, rising in a column, it pressed the air of the narrow valley before it with resistless force.

I have been to the graveyard and seen where fifty-seven victims are sleeping together in a common grave. One victim was a Turk, buried elsewhere, and one woman, the wife of the village priest, who had gone to the spring for water has not yet been found. At one end, a little by themselves, lie the daughter of another priest, thirteen years of age, and the young husband to whom she had been wedded but three days before. One woman and child were rescued alive after they had remained three days buried, and doubtless many died by inches who might have been saved could they have been found earlier.

Emperor Maximilian's Wife.

The ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico, sister of the king of the Belgians, is in a much more tranquil state of mind than formerly. Her splendid black hair has whitened, but her health is good, and she has recovered from her attack of madness which followed her being told of the execution of Maximilian. She is very fond of music, spending many hours in playing duets with one of her ladies of honor, and also shows much interest in her garden. When the weather is fine she walks a great deal in the park surrounding her Chateau de Bouhant, and plays with a dog which the queen of the Belgians one day rescued from some boys who were tormenting it, and gave to her sister-in-law.

Will Man Ever Be Able to Conquer Storms?

Violent displays of natural force, says the London *Standard*, are painfully hostile to human progress. If the valley of the Thames were frequently racked by earthquakes, London would be an impossibility. A very slight tremor would tilt the Egyptian obelisk into the Thames and topple down St. Paul's cathedral. A volcano in Middlesex would lower the quotations for government securities and seriously diminish the rateable value of the metropolis. For prosperity there must be peace, especially with the powers of nature. America itself would not be what it is if these horrible cyclones occurred in every State and at frequent intervals. The question arises whether these atmospheric disturbances may possibly be affected for the better in course of time by that sort of indirect influence which civilization exercises on climate. It is true that man may mar a climate as well as mend one. He disturbs the rainfall by unduly cutting down the forests, thereby producing alternations of drought and flood. But in other instances the cultivation of the soil appears to ameliorate the climate, and nature grows more kindly as man fulfills his mission to "subdue the earth." We seem on the verge of learning how to disarm the sea of its fury. It is one of the strangest—we might say the oddest—discoveries of modern times that the crested wave which seems irresistible in its force loses all its terror and much of its power when encountering a film of oil. When the storm threatens to overwhelm the ship the skipper has merely to fetch up his oil can, and, though the wind continues to howl and shriek through the rigging, the waves are powerless under the oleaginous film. It is too much to expect that the wild winds will ever be subject to human control after this fashion, except by some long-continued and occult process unconsciously carried out. It will be a strange result, and yet it seems a possibility, that man will be able to meet the storm more successfully at sea than on land. More probably, as population in these States becomes more dense, and the consequent danger of disaster is increased, men will adopt a mode of building suited to the necessities of the case, as the Swiss have done in the case of the avalanche. There is, however, a favorable element in the problem, even if matters should not improve. Cyclonic outbursts such as those which have been displaying their energies in the United States are in a very circumscribed area. It is saddening to read of the mischief that is done—human beings crushed by the fury of the blast, and hard won property irretrievably destroyed. But the space thus visited is a mere scrap compared with the broad continent which spreads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The storm path is but a diminutive line compared with the smiling area on every hand.

Brigham's Eighteen Widows.

Eighteen of Brigham's widows live here still, says a Salt Lake City letter. Some of the widows live with their families in the "Lion house"—so called from the carved stones that cap the pillars of the entrances—where they lived during Brigham's lifetime, but the main building in which he lived is now the headquarters of the church. None of the widows have remarried, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Amelia, it will be remembered, was the most attractive of Brigham's plurality, and was the recipient of his most conspicuous favors. She was too good to live in the prophet's harem, and he built for her, across the street from the Lion house, an elegant mansion of stone, somewhat similar to some of the residences that adorn Prairie avenue, in Chicago. It was furnished by him with costly luxuries, and here he abode, during the last years of his life, in the bosom of his favorite, while across the way in the old adobe structure, which was erected soon after the exodus from Nauvoo, the other seventeen remained without a murmur.

Courtiers came to woo her, and it was reported at one time that she had been "sealed" to one of the apostles, a business man who lives at Ogden; but she rejected his addresses and still wears a widow's weeds. The Gentiles know little about her, but the Mormons say she is still true to Brigham, and believes that she will yet sit with him in glory. She was the wife of his old age, and never had any children.

For Cigarette Smokers.

Boston possesses a tobaccoist who has conceived a plan for the wholesale killing off of wealthy idlers. He says: "Did you ever see a workingman smoking a cigarette? Of course not. Cigarettes are smoked exclusively by wealthy chaps. Now, I don't mind telling you outright what it was that I hinted at. I'm a cigarette hand. I work in a factory where 500,000 cigarettes are rolled every day. More than twenty men among us are Socialists. What would be easier than for us to put a deadly poison into a whole day's batch of tobacco? Then away would go thousands upon thousands of our oppressors at a puff. Here and there a good enough man would fall, but the great majority would be the kind that hurt us, and the kind that the world would be happily rid of. When the time comes to bring about anarchy—and mighty soon that may be, I can tell you—we've got it in our power to destroy multitudes of the non-producing classes by just making them smoke themselves to death. It is perfectly simple and feasible. We know a poison one whiff of which would be deadly."

Minneapolis has more than doubled its inhabitants in a little over two years, and is now a city of 100,000 people.

Feeding Dogs.

A dog should be fed twice a day. I purposely italicize the word "twice," for, although the breakfast should be but a light one, it is a necessity of healthful existence. If it be not given the bowels become confined, the bile is ejected into the stomach; the dog seeks grass and relieves himself in a natural way of what nature designed as an aperient. A bit of dry dog-biscuit or a drop of milk, or a basin of sheep's-head broth, is all my own dogs ever have for breakfast. A dog should have his principal meal—with a run to follow—at 4 p. m. in winter and 5 in summer. Variety and change from day to day are most essential. Dog-biscuits, dry or steeped, and mixed with the liquor that fresh meat or fish has been boiled in, with now and then oatmeal porridge, make a good staple of diet. Bread-crusts steeped may be substituted once a week. Meat should be given, but unless the dog has abundant exercise too much does harm. Boiled greens should be mixed with the food at least twice a week, but they should be well mashed, else our friend will edge them on one side with his nose and leave them. Paunches are good as a change; so are well-boiled lights and sheep's-head and broth. The head should be boiled to a jelly, and no kind of meat should be given raw, except now and then a morsel of bullock's liver or milt, to act as a laxative. Never give raw lights; they carry down air into the stomach and may produce fatal results. Potatoes, rice, and most garden roots are good, and the scraps of the table generally. Much caution should be used in giving bones. On no account give a dog fish or game or chicken bones. Milk, when it can be afforded, is very good for dogs, and buttermilk is a most wholesome drink for them. Let everything you give a dog be cleanly and well cooked, and do not entertain the now exploded notion that anything is good enough for a dog. Whatever a dog leaves should be thrown to the fowls and not presented to him again, for the animal is naturally dainty. If you want a dog to remain healthy great pains must be taken that both personally and in all his surroundings he is kept clean. His food and his water should be pure and fresh; the kennel he lies in should always have clean bedding and be periodically scrubbed and disinfected. Even the inside of his leather collar should be kept sweet and clean. He ought to be brushed, if not combed, every morning with an ordinary dandy brush. This not only keeps the coat clean and free from unsightly matting, but encourages the growth of the "feather," as it is called.—*Chambers's Journal*.

How to Make Cloth of Gold.

It is a well known fact that in the middle ages cloth of gold was made to considerable extent. During the sixteenth century the art of making it was completely lost and until very recently all attempts to discover the secret have proved utter failures. The basis of modern attempts to imitate the ancient article have been with a thread made by winding a metallic thread around a core of silk, the metallic thread being produced by drawing from an ingot of pure gold. Thus it was really nothing more or less than a wire, having the advantage of strength and at the same time the disadvantage of being stiff, unyielding, unpleasant to the touch, and when containing much alloy soon liable to tarnish. The ancient fabric, on the contrary, was pliable and soft, and retained its original luster for centuries. To reproduce these effects has been the object of modern study and experiment without success, until two German savants, by chemical and microscopical examination of preserved specimens of the ancient article discovered its composition. With special machinery made for the purpose they produced samples which were exhibited in the museum of art at Munich, and which are said to equal the original cloth of gold. The two professors found the Cyprian thread (as it was called) consisted of a core thread made of the submucous epidermis of intestines, supposed to be those of sheep, around which was wound a thin layer of gold leaf beaten out to a fineness of from 1-2,000th to 1-11,000th of a millimeter. The core, around which is wound the core thread, consists of fine flax yarn. By the introduction of different alloys, the dull old gold luster can be changed to brighter finish or different shades. It will answer the requirements of dress material and other parts of a lady's costume, or for trimmings. So far the discovery has produced small results, but the practicability of the manufacture has been demonstrated, and it only remains for some enterprising manufacturer, with capital and brains, to undertake the production on a scale large enough to enable the wives and daughters of millionaires to delight in the shimmer of a golden dress.

A Candle Procession.

A war veteran said to a reporter for the New York *Sun*: "During the spring of 1865 candle parades were issued to the Army of the Potomac. The men had no use for them, so they accumulated. One night a candle company, each man carrying a lighted candle, started in procession through the camp. Regiments, battalions, and brigades caught the infection, and 50,000 candles glimmered and danced in every direction, winding like a serpent over the hillsides, and lighting out in a sea of flaming darkness as the eye could reach." Many veterans of the Army of the Potomac remember the candle parades, for were more than one, and how often when the woods for miles were penetrated by candles stuck upon the shrubbery word came that the candles had been extinguished. The report was generally discredited, but a startling report was made that every lighted candle was extinguished and the woods were again in darkness. The inference drawn was that the

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Belmont's Strawberry Show.

It was our privilege to visit Belmont Town Hall, Thursday afternoon, and there witness what a competent judge was pleased to call "the best strawberry show ever given in this State." The display was spread on one long table, handsomely set off with flowers, and certainly it was a rare sight. The principal display was by Mr. Samuel Barnard, he showing twenty baskets of fruit and being awarded ten different prizes,—for largest exhibit, best three quarts, best Sharpless, best Champion, etc., and some minor prizes. Mr. Warren Heustis took first prize with the "Belmont" berry, a new seedling of his own, and was awarded second prize for other berries. Mr. Sylvester C. Frost also made a good show and was awarded a prize. The special prizes offered by Faneuil Hall Market were awarded to Messrs. Barnard, Heustis, and C. W. Winn, in the order named. The display that provoked more comment and attention than any other was the "Strawberry of our Daddies," shown by Mrs. W. J. Underwood. The old people gathered around them and rehearsed the story of the development of the strawberry culture. The other exhibitors, all of them with fine displays, were Conrad Motree, of Arlington, C. E. Chenery, J. O. Wellington, Albert Patterson, Edwin Locke, Martin O'Brien, Chas. McGinness, Geo. V. Fletcher, M. W. Marsh, W. H. Locke, T. L. Creeley, G. H. Chenery, all of Belmont. Two boxes of magnificent roses (some twenty varieties) were placed on the table by Mr. Warren Heustis, and were the observed of all observers. There was a festival in the evening, when the berries were disposed of and some hours spent in a social dance to the music of the Cadet band.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated in Brooklyn during the past week, is certainly a marvel of physical and intellectual vigor for a man of three-score-and-ten. His career has not only been one of exceptional brilliancy, but it has been marked by wonderful industry in a wide range of occupations. For almost half a century Mr. Beecher has enjoyed more than a local reputation as a pastor, a lecturer, a miscellaneous writer and an after-dinner speaker, and the extent of his labors in all his varied employments is not equaled, perhaps, by the achievements of any other American. The health of Mr. Beecher seems still unimpaired, and as he comes from a family distinguished for its vitality, he may reach an age ten or twenty years beyond the traditional limit of human life. When the time shall have come for making up the record of his life, we believe that the verdict of public opinion will be that he has been as good as great, that he has had a large heart and a wise head, that he has been an earnest advocate of the truth as he conceived it, an undiminished enemy of every form of wrong, an unflinching champion of the oppressed and down-trodden everywhere, and an uncompromising advocate of great reforms, and that for himself there will be little occasion for that mantle of charity which he has ever been so ready, in the warmth of his human love and sympathy, to throw over the faults of others.

For Friends of Christian work for the people, both laymen and clergymen of different denominations, have arranged a series of interesting gospel meetings for every evening during July and August, excepting July 4. By a unanimous vote an invitation has been extended to the Boston Young Men's Christian Association to take charge of these services. Mr. Moody has kindly consented to open the series by preaching in Music Hall, next Sunday evening. After that the meetings will be held continuously in the Windsor Theatre.

Gov. Butler's address at the Harvard College Alumni dinner was in excellent taste and won for him generous and hearty rounds of applause from the assembled throng far different from his greeting on arriving at the college grounds. He graciously and elegantly represented the Commonwealth in all he said.

Roses and Strawberries.

There is a happy blending of the richness of flowers and fruits in the announcement of the Annual Rose and Strawberry Show under the auspices of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, bringing together as it invariably does the best that the season affords in fragrance and flavor. The exhibit at Horticultural Hall, from 1 to 9, P. M., last Tuesday, vied with the best of its predecessors in merit. The upper hall was occupied by the flowers and vegetables, and the lower by strawberries and a few other fruits. In the floral department the rose demonstration was naturally the most striking feature, and in this the point of central interest was the display made by Mr. J. B. Moore with which, for the second time, he won the silver vase for the best twenty-four hardy perpetual roses of distinct varieties. Large displays in this competition were also made by Warren Heustis, of Belmont. The collections by B. G. Smith and Hon. F. B. Hayes were very fine, as was the display of cut roses by Norton Brothers, J. S. Richards, Hon. F. B. Hayes and others. When the eye had been sated with the wealth of rose petals as they have been artificially transformed from stamens, it was a pleasure to note the tasteful stands of wild roses as shown by Mr. Frank Forbes, revealing in perfection the symmetry and simplicity of nature. The display of roses by Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry, the great rose growers of Rochester, N. Y., attracted attention both on the score of the large number of varieties and the excellent character of the roses. They labored under the great disadvantage of bringing their roses from Rochester, and as it was quite a warm day when they were cut, their freshness was somewhat impaired. They received high commendation for their effort and their labor in coming to Boston to compete with skilled rosarians of this vicinity. One of the most interesting things to be noted in this collection was the success manifested in bringing forth seedlings from European varieties. On the platform was a splendid specimen of a yucca, exhibited by President F. B. Hayes, and on either side were gladioli from J. B. Moore, and greenhouse flowering plants from Hovey & Co. The showing of orchids by F. L. Ames was, as usual, fine, and this was happily supplemented by the exhibits of H. H. Hunnewell and R. W. Pratt. Very pretty groups of moss roses were shown by J. B. Moore and W. H. Spooner, and of tea roses by Mrs. E. M. Gill. The strawberries were good in variety and quality, the most remarkable in size being the monster Sharpless, for which Warren Heustis was awarded the silver cup. A rival to these in size was the Jersey Queen. The favorite Downings, Wilder's Juncunda and kindred varieties were also much admired.

The Boston Globe of Monday morning contained the following in regard to a well known and highly respected citizen of Arlington:—

"At the Hanover Street Chapel, yesterday morning, Rev. Edw. J. Gerry preached his farewell sermon to a large congregation. The speaker took for his text, Acts xx. 32. The speaker treated of the work of the Apostle Paul and the success that attended him at Ephesus, how it had aroused the jealousy of Demetrius as manufacturer and dealer in silver shrines used in the heathen temple worship of Diana, and how on account of this opposition he was compelled to move from place to place, and finally reached Miletus, where he preached his farewell sermon, of which the words of the text form a part. The speaker then read from that sermon, reviewed his own work in the chapel during the last twenty-five years, and stated that he wished himself at liberty to address them as St. Paul had addressed the Ephesians. He referred to the sermon he had preached, and stated that while he was a Unitarian he had always tried to be faithful to their spiritual interests by presenting for their consideration the just principals of Christianity. He referred to the Sunday school and those who had been connected with him therein, and said that while part of every Sunday had been set apart for religious instruction, he had tried to make all feel that this was a pleasant Christian home for the children. He acknowledged his and their indebtedness to Messrs. J. F. Dutton, C. B. Elliot, B. R. Backley and J. C. Jaynes, former superintendents, and to all the teachers and helpers in the school. He gave his thanks to the clergy and laymen of other religious denominations holding worship in this part of the city, and referred to the uniform and universal kindness by which he had been received by them all, and closed with the following: For twenty-five years I have gone in and out before you, and they have been the happiest years of my life. I can never forget your kindness to me and my family. The best part of my life has been given to you and I do not regret it; and now, brethren, I commend you to God and to his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all those that are sanctified. Let me close by bidding you all an affectionate farewell."

If the people of Lynn regard their water bill as an acquisition they should give chief credit to Representative Parker for getting it through. He has worked for it with rare persistency, sticking to it when there really seemed to be no chance for its enactment.—Boston Journal.

Cutting High School.

Another school year has closed and the graduation exercises of '83 are over. As we review them, words of warm congratulation flow naturally with our thought and we offer them without stint to Mr. Clay, his assistants, the class of '83, the music teacher and to all connected with the exercises in Arlington Town Hall, last Tuesday evening. The decorations were unusually fine, consisting of heavy evergreen draperies from the clock to gas jets; the class motto, "Facta, non Dicta," and "83" in evergreen letters above and below the same; cross and anchor on either side of the platform; floral baskets pendant from chandeliers; a wealth of wreaths, bouquets and baskets of flowers in other positions. The exercises opened with a four-hand march by Mr. Marshall and Miss Jennie Sprague and a chorus by the school. The salutatory, in Latin, was by James A. Bailey, Jr., and its rendering won a hearty round of applause, his tone and manner pleasing all though all might not quite translate the same. The second part was by Miss Nellie Marston, showing a careful study of the great poet Tasso, and her rendering of a poetical selection added to the effect of her well written essay. The essay, "A Piece of Coal," by Miss Angle E. Wellington, which was next in the list, was listened to with marked attention, and as the author went forward with her rendering, the audience grew almost impatient with its desire to show appreciation, and the conclusion was greeted with loud and long-continued applause more, hearty than that accorded any other of the class. The essay was a strong and well written production. The Greek dialogue introduced Messrs. Bailey and Hurley with Miss Farmer, and formed an interesting feature. Miss Nellie A. Crane's "History in Song" was a pleasant grouping of the various steps of progress as shown in the songs of this country, and her introduction of familiar lines was most happy. Mr. Edward C. Mason read an essay on "Success," showing in what it consisted, and how it might be attained, closing with the sentiment, "He is most successful who contributes most to the sum of human happiness." He spoke easily and well, and was heartily applauded. Miss Kate Green's part in the exercise was a declamation, consisting of a burlesque on "The Concord School of Philosophy," which the audience thoroughly enjoyed. This was followed with a French dialogue between Misses Green, Marston, Lawrence and Crane, conducted by Mr. Daniel B. Hurley, and the whole scene developed a neat bit of acting on the part of all. Mr. James A. Bailey's oration, "Progress of Liberty," was a strong piece of declamation, revealing good parts in this direction. The annual class prophecy took the form on this occasion of "An Old Woman's Story," by Miss M. Carrie Lawrence, and this we produce entire.

AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY.
Tis nineteen hundred and thirty-five,
And the wonder is that I'm still alive
To tell the story you ask of me,
Of the graduates of eighty-three.
Let's see—this five and fifty years come fall,
Since we met together, fifteen in all,
And took our places, with hearts of pride,
In our three straight rows on the Junior side.
Perhaps, at first, you'd like me to tell
Of the old school house, we loved so well.
The building was poor and the wind blew in,
But that was thought good for our discipline.
If the chairs were hard, the reason was plain,
For every good must be bought with pain;
And our elders said, 'twas good enough,
Better than they had, and 'twould make us tough.
So we worked away through the junior year,
With right good will and hearty cheer.
When the Middle year came we were only nine,
For the others had left us, one at a time;
This is the point where our paths divide,
And four then took the classical side,
While the rest of us stuck to our mother tongue,
And the changes on English and Science rung.
Ah, those were happy, happy years,
And the remembrance now brings many tears.
Forgive them I pray from a woman old,
And listen with patience till my tale is told.
And now I must tell of the Senior year,
Of the many things I want you to hear,
For we felt that every eye in the nation
Was bent to see our graduation.
I remember well through all these years,
Of the troubles and worries, hopes and fears,
That tried our souls at that distant date,
When we were preparing to graduate.
The first class-meeting was a solemn occasion,
We thought 'twould decide the fate of the nation.
And let me here at once explain,
Economy was our earnest aim.
We resolved to let all those things go
Which increased expense and were only for show,
For committee, teachers, and many a friend
Had urged us in this an example to lend.
The ring we chose was a wide, flat band—
Yes, that is the one on my left hand—
But I've worn it so long, it has grown quite thin.
Ever been broken? Yes, time and again.
We thought it handsome in its day,
But like myself is wearing away.
We decided, too, there should be no flowers,
Which was another reform of ours;
And had it printed, in letters fine,
On our cards, in plain view, near the bottom line.
In discussing the question of what we should wear,
We had plenty of talk, and some to spare,
But at last we decided it was best
To dress as each chose, ignoring the rest.
And the people said, we looked very well,
But as to that, I'm sure I can't tell.
At the end of it all our friends were received,
And we felt very gay of all duties relieved.
I can even now feel the thrill of delight
In the memory of that joyous night.
What dances! what pleasures! our hearts beat high
As the happy hours of night drew by.
At length we were forced our adieu to say,
To meet no more in the old time way.
And what has become of them now? you ask.
Ah, to answer that's a difficult task;
But I'll try and tell you all I know,
So don't be impatient, if I am slow.
Let's see—
There were James and Daniel, Angle and Kate,
Three Nellies and Ned, now that is eight,
And then myself,—that makes nine now;
Don't you see how well they thrived?
Daniel, our grave and worthy classmate,
Held good position in church and state,
While Ned got through college exceedingly well,
And is doctor of what, I'm sure I can't tell.
Our sensible Kate, so jolly and gay,

Married out west, and is there to this day.
James, with years and honors is now bowed down,
For he's a politician of great renown.
While Angle was in Europe, the last I heard,
And lives far too gaily to write us a word.
One day in nineteen hundred and three,
In a seminary down by the sea,
I saw a stately matron wise,
In plain black dress and spectacled eyes.
'Twas the Nellie Farmer, who earnestly here
Was trying to teach the young ladies.
Our other two Nellies are grandmothers now,
And tell to the children, the story of how
They used to work with such hearty good will
In the old school-house upon the hill.
And as to the ninth of that joyous class,
Now old and grey, no longer a lass,
'Tis enough to say of her, it is she
Who has told you the story of eighty-three.

The closing address was by Miss Nellie H. Farmer, on "Friendship," and this thoughtful and earnest paper closed with the following valedictory address:—

Dear Friends: Let me apply to you, first of all, that sacred title, for you have rendered us the highest office of friendship, making it possible for us to stand here to-night. For your aid and interest in our efforts to obtain that priceless boon, education, we most heartily thank you.

Gentlemen of the Committee: You have indeed proved yourselves friends in the broadest sense; friends of education, and the best of friends to us in looking after our interest through all the years since we began to attend school. And we would to-night thank you, not in behalf of our class only, or even of the High School, but of all the children of the town.

Schoolmates: Only one year ago we stood where you now stand and eagerly anticipated, as no doubt you do, the year that seemed so long to look forward to, but is so short looked back upon. As we go we would bequeath to you our vacant places with the wish that you may fill them far better than we have been able to do.

We take with us only the pleasantest recollections of our school life together, and we trust that we leave with you no unpleasant memories.

Dear Teachers: We appreciate your kind care and all that you have done for us, and feel that we can never repay the great debt which we owe. And although it is not in our power to repay your faithfulness, yet we trust that the greatest possible reward may be yours, to see the germs that you have planted in the hearts and minds of your pupils, spring up and bear rich fruit.

Classmates: At last the time has come so long looked forward to, but which brings with it sadness as well as pleasure. For many years we have labored side by side; now we must separate to go wherever our respective paths in life may lead us. But I think we shall never be happier than we have been together during our joyous school days. Sometimes the study has been hard and the task seemed endless, but the labor has brought its own reward. What we have acquired is ours, a treasure that neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thief break through and steal.

Which of us would sell his birthright to-night? I am sure, not one. And besides all this we have each other. My classmates, my friends, let us deserve that sacred name.

How little matter then to us the great! What the heart teaches—that controls our fate.

Let us then, draw the bands of friendship closer and closer, living not for ourselves, but for others, till we

"Lay our hand on that blest key,
That opens the palace of eternity."

In awarding the diplomas, Judge Parmenter alluded to his unexpected re-appearance in the part of chairman, paid a deserved tribute to the faithfulness of his predecessor, Dr. Winn, and then pleasantly alluded to the class motto, "Deeds, not Words," rendering it in a variety of familiar proverbs. He then urged the class to continue the practice of reading, and pointed out the benefits. He closed with the presentation of the rolls to each, accompanying the same with a pleasant word and a cordial grasp of the hand. The exercises closed with prayer by Rev. J. P. Forbes, pastor of the Unitarian church.

This graduation exercise was peculiar in several respects. The music was by the school, under direction of Prof. L. B. Marshall, the music teacher, and every one was charmed with the selections and the manner of rendering. It was infinitely better than orchestral music and we express our satisfaction with the change. The custom of bouquets was also dispensed with and all that any might deem extravagance in other directions tabooed. For this the class is deserving of highest praise; for there is only one other occasion in life where the largest extravagances would be so cheerfully winked at.

The reception of the class of '83 was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. David P. Green, on Pleasant street, which was beautifully adorned for the occasion. The wide lawn afforded a chance for the display of a multitude of Chinese lanterns, and the broad, high front of the house gave space for still further illumination so that the whole presented an attractive picture. Within all was light and beauty, the rich furnishings being set off with a wealth of flowers. The third floor was reserved for the dancers, and here the happy company assembled, after having offered their congratulations to the class in the parlors below, and spent a delightful evening amid the festivities that the young especially delight in and older ones are pleased to witness. At an early hour Wednesday morning the last light was extinguished, the last item of the programme of the evening was finished and the graduates sought the rest the labors and excitements of the day and evening so qualified them to enjoy.

The "Boatmen" are retrieving their fortunes in the diamond field, pushing themselves gradually into a good position well toward the head, from the place once occupied by them near the foot of the list of league clubs.

Voltaire's house is used by the Geneva Bible Society as a repository of Bibles.

The July number of the "Wide Awake" comes to us so late this week we have not time or space to give it the notice it deserves. It is a splendid number and we would that all our young friends were regular subscribers to it. It is rich in artistic pictures, strong in editorials and stories, and attractive in a hundred ways to young people. Send for specimen number to D. Lathrop & Co., Boston. The subscription is only \$2.50 a year.

The human voice surpasses any musical instrument ever invented by man. Perhaps the violin is capable of being brought nearer to the soul of the performer than any other instrument. The harp and the guitar greatly resemble it in this particular, but the voice is superior even to David's harp of solemn sound.

HOUSE TO LET IN LEXINGTON.

Containing seven rooms. Pleasantly situated on Main Street.
Enquire of
29 Jun 1f ASA COTTRELL.
Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary Ann Moore, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased, Greeting:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Samuel B. Moore, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of July, next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Arlington Advocate, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.
29 Jun 3w J. H. TYLER, Register.

PLEASANT STREET MARKET, ARLINGTON.

WINN & PIERCE,
DEALERS IN
Provisions and Vegetables
OF ALL KINDS.
BUTTER, CHEESE, LARD, EGGS, ETC., ETC.
Spinach, Dandelions, Lettuce, Radishes and other Seasonable Articles.
Goods delivered in Arlington, Arlington Heights and Belmont, free of charge. Anything not in stock will be furnished at short notice.
F. P. WINN. apr 13ft G. L. PIERCE.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
Automatic Blind Fixtures, Wire Netting, Norton's Door Checks, Nails,
Screws, Hinges, Sheathing Paper, Tools, Roofing Cement, Scissors, Brass and Iron Tacks,
Chains, Bolts and Harness Goods.
Flag Colors 90 cents. Packing Trunks \$1.50. Heaviest Trace Chains 75 cents per pair. Zinc Trunk \$2.75. Prison Harnesses, hand sewed, \$30.00. Hill's Carriage Harness \$25.00.
And all other goods in the hardware and hardware line at prices guaranteed as low as can be found in Boston.
LYMAN LAWRENCE, Main Street, Lexington

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GROCERIES,
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Also a full line of
Paints, Oils, Brushes, Glass, Putty and Painters' Supplies.

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FLORIST,
Conservatories; 273 North Ave., opp. Day St.,
NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Choice Roses and Smilax, Cut Flowers, General Collection of Bedding, Basket and Ornamental Plants.
FLORAL DECORATIONS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Funeral Designs a Specialty.

ARTIST WORK, FRAMES AND GENERAL ATTENTION.
We are in Telephone communication with the Southern and Telephone Telegraph Company, Eastern and Western. Call for the latest and any other of a complete list of the above medium, or by mail or telegram, will receive prompt service.
Orders left with O. V. Whittemore, druggist, corner Arlington Avenue and Madison St., or C. W. Austin, grocer, corner of Arlington Avenue and Franklin St., will be promptly filled.
Goods delivered in any part of Arlington, Lexington and Boston.

Marriages.

In Andover, June 26th, by Rev. Edward G. Porter, of Lexington, Rev. Charles L. Merriam, of Kingston, and Miss Alice F. Davis, formerly of Lexington.

Deaths.

In Bedford, N. H., June 25th, Miss Mary A. Moore, aged 65 years, 5 months.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Cairn Robbins, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased, Greeting:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Samuel E. Sewall, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of July, next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Lexington Advertiser, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.
29 Jun 3w J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Roxa Brooks, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased, Greeting:

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court, to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Henry Mott, of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of July, next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Arlington Advocate, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.
15 June 8w J. H. TYLER, Register.

Temperance Department.

No thoughtful and observant man denies that excessive drinking is injurious to health and destructive of life; but many moderate drinkers have an insane idea that health is preserved and life is prolonged by temperate and carefully regulated indulgence in some favorite alcoholic beverage. Upon this deceptive and treacherous rock thousands are wrecked, despoiled and lost. If we may believe the testimony of hundreds of the best physicians of Europe and America, to say nothing of our daily observation, a large proportion of the diseases which afflict humanity are caused by the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage.

The National Dispensary says: "Alcohol is used very much less than it was half a century ago; and before another half century has expired, nearly if not all diseases will be treated with natural and innocuous remedies."

Most drinkers are of the opinion that alcoholic liquors are stimulating and give new strength to the system. This is a mistake. Alcohol, by some eminent physiological authorities, is claimed to be an irritant and not a stimulant.

Because a man can lift a heavier burden, walk faster, or write with more facility after he has taken his glass of wine or whiskey, there is no proof that he has more strength of body or mind; he has simply drawn upon his reserved force and vitality. The tired horse derives no additional strength from the whip, but is only goaded to greater endeavor, to be soon followed by increased fatigue.

A mother sees her child in jeopardy, and rushes to its rescue with the strength of a lioness; but having saved it, she falls to the ground exhausted, and perhaps insensible. The fright had not given her additional strength; it had called into action her reserved force, and left her in perfect weakness.

A glass of wine or whiskey may appear to increase the strength, warm the blood, and cheer the heart of the drinker, but the victim soon finds himself weaker and more depressed than before taking the drink; then he seeks relief by a larger quantity, and so goes on from day to day, increasing his potations until his reserved force is exhausted, and he sinks into helpless drunkenness. But a vast army of moderate drinkers are cut off by various diseases before they become confirmed inebriates. The habitual use of alcohol, however moderate, poisons the blood, and irritates some vital organ to disease. Although on this point medical writers differ. Nearly all medical writers include among the various causes of the most fatal diseases, the use of alcohol. As the wind finds its way through the smallest crevice, so does alcohol find an attraction to the weakest organ of the human body.

Dr. Thomas Sewall, of the Columbia Medical College, Washington, D. C., said: "But time would fail me were I to attempt an account of half of the pathology of drunkenness. Dyspepsia, jaundice, emaciation, corpulence, dropsy, ulcers, rheumatism, gout, tremors, palpitation, hysteria, epilepsy, palsy, lethargy, apoplexy, melancholy, madness, premature old age, and delirium tremens, compose but a small part of the catalogue of the diseases produced by alcoholic drinks; and although their effects are in some degree modified by habit and occupation, by climate and season of the year, and even by the intoxicating agent itself, yet the general and ultimate consequences are the same."

Dr. Carpenter, the author of Carpenter's Physiology, and five thousand more first-class physicians, signed the following:—

We, the undersigned, are of the opinion,

1. That a very large proportion of human misery, including poverty, disease and crime, is induced by the use of alcoholic and fermented liquors as beverages.
2. That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits, or as wine, beer, ale, porter, cider, etc.
3. That persons accustomed to such drinks may with safety discontinue them entirely, either at once, or gradually after a short time.
4. That total and universal abstinence from alcoholic beverages of all sorts would add greatly to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race.

The Portland Press gives the following description of how the liquor traffic has been carried on in at least one place in Maine. It well illustrates the expediency of liquor dealers are forced to resort to and is the best possible evidence of the stringency of the liquor laws in that state:—

"One day last week, at No 10 Pleasant street, Deputies Gribben and Sterling hunted the cellar and finally found that on Pleasant street side the wall was not solid. An iron frame had been set into the wall, a board put against the frame, and the stone wall was split very thin and laid with mortar on the board, the whole naturally representing a solid wall. The layers of stone and boards removed, a door was exposed, which being pried up, access was obtained to a sort of ante room, four by six feet, dug out and well planked up. In this place nothing was found, but by digging into the wall a door was discovered leading to another chamber, and it took the officers only an hour to open the second door. It yielded at last to the bar, falling down

ward, showing that if you only knew how, you could get in easily enough by touching a spring at the top. The second room was quite large, and contained the barrels. Both the barrels were on tap, having a common outlet in a large hose leading up through the wall, between the sill and brick underpinning, to the room above. The hose was so arranged that when not in use would fall down completely out of sight."

SUGGESTIONS TO SINGERS.

As regards bodily exertions, everything tending to invigorate and strengthen the body will also be beneficial to the voice. But it should be borne in mind that a singer, after long continued exercise or gymnastics, walking, riding, dancing, etc., requires to rest for a few hours ere again calling his vocal powers into requisition. And this brings us to a question of interest, especially to our friends of the fair sex. Is dancing injurious to the possession and retention of a pure voice? Here, we have the same answer as to most similar questions. If dancing be carried on with moderation, it has no evil results. When overdone, it calls the respiratory organs into unnatural and excessive requisition. The precautions in reference to overheating, and, in case of overheating, the precautions to be taken, apply as well to dancing as to any of the exercises named. It is not well to sing immediately after having danced.

Singing in the open air should always be carried on with caution. After dark it should never be indulged in, when the temperature is cold and moist. Especially dangerous to the voice is either speaking or singing, when performed with the face toward the wind. De M'Isere advises that, if an artist in singing be obliged to go out during a damp and low temperature, the singer should take the precaution always to carry his handkerchief before his mouth and nose. In this way he will always respire a temperate air, and be withdrawn from the irritating actions of the cold.

Martin, the celebrated singer, whose voice was noted for its purity, flexibility and the extensiveness of its range, always took this precaution. As respects too diligent application of young ladies and girls in sewing, knitting, embroidery, etc., it becomes prejudicial when too long persisted in at one time, in consequence of the nervous exhaustion apt to follow, and also from the bent position taken in such labors. The respiration is hindered, and the development of the lungs with it. Singers should avoid long continued writing, note-copying, and the like, and should rather exercise themselves in gymnastics which develop the muscles and the chest. The simultaneous study of other musical instruments next claims our attention. The study of the piano-forte and of stringed instruments must of course prove of great advantage to the musical education and development of a singer or of a person devoted to this art, in this respect, that it acquaints him with many of the master-works of the literature of music, and, on the other hand, places him in a condition in which he is able to accompany himself, and to study solo parts.

At the same time, the young singer should exercise himself in not too long or too tiring finger exercises. Piano virtuosity, the carrying out or performing of difficult pieces and singing at the same time, had best be left alone. Virtuosity and good singing seldom are ably accomplished together. The study and acquirement of wind instruments along with singing, the commencing singer should never think of. He requires his throat and lungs sufficiently for his singing, and therefore should avoid everything making heavy demands on these organs.—Sieber's Art of Singing.

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Arlington, June 1, 1895.

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As our machinery is run by power, we can compete with Boston establishments in the speed with which we can print, and the character of work furnished our customers in the past is the best guarantee of what we shall be likely to do in the future. Anything from the most elaborate book, blank or poster work to the smallest address card, can now be printed in this office in a manner to satisfy the taste of the most fastidious. New type will be added from time to time as new styles make their appearance, in order to keep pace with the advance made by the type foundry, and thus maintain our job printing office in the very front rank.

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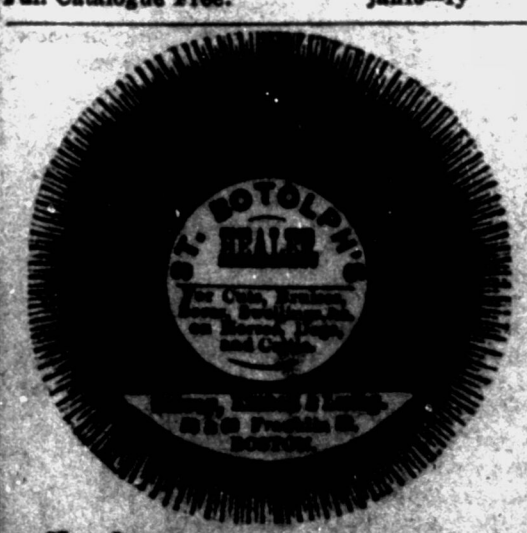
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The homestead of the late Geo. H. Gray, on Pleasant Street. Also,

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For sale in Arlington, near the center station, two good houses, a good stable with one of three stalls, and a good barn, all with good water supply, and a good garden, and a good cellar, and a good outbuilding, and a good fence, and a good road, and a good view, and a good location, and a good price.

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ON and after JUNE 25, 1895, trains will run as follows:—

LEAVE Boston FOR Prison Station, at 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.45, 4.30, 6.35 p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.30, 9.45, a.m.; 12.35, 4.50, p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass. at 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.45, 4.30, 6.35, p.m. Return at 5.30, 7.30, 9.45, a.m.; 12.35, 4.50, p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.45, 4.30, 6.35, 7.45, 10.45, 11.50 p.m. Return at 5.46, 7.00, 7.35, 8.00, 9.07, a.m.; 12.52, 3.45, 5.09, 11.48 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 7.05, 9.30, a.m.; 1.45, 4.30, 6.35, 7.45, 10.45, 11.50 p.m. Return at 5.46, 7.00, 7.35, 8.00, 9.07, a.m.; 12.52, 3.45, 5.09, 11.48 p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.30 7.45, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a.m.; 12.30, 1.45, 2.45, 4.50, 5.30, 6.35, 7.45, 10.45, 11.50, p.m. Return at 5.59, 7.10, 7.45, 8.08, 8.45, 9.19, 10.30, a.m.; 1.05, 2.05, 3.55, 5.18, 6.15, 10.15, 11.00, p.m.

LEAVE Boston FOR North Avenue at 6.30, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a.m.; 12.30, 1.45, 2.45, 4.50, 5.30, 6.35, 7.45, 10.45, 11.50, p.m. Return at 5.59, 7.10, 7.45, 8.08, 8.45, 9.19, 10.30, a.m.; 1.05, 2.05, 3.55, 5.18, 6.15, 10.15, 11.00, p.m.

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LEAVE Boston FOR North Avenue at 6.30, 7.40, 8.15, 9.30, a.m.; 12.30, 1.45,

SONG OF THE COUNTRY.

Away from the roar and the rattle,
The dust and din of the town,
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,
Till the strong treads the weak man down.
Away to the bonnie green hills,
Where the sunshine sleeps on the braise,
And the heart of the greenwood thrills
To the hymn of the bird on the spray.
Away from the smoke and the smother,
The vale of the dun and the brown,
The push and the plash and the pother
The wear and waste of the town!
Away where the sky shines clear,
And the light breeze wanders at will,
And the dark pine wood nods near
To the light planned birch on the hill.
Away from the whirling and wheeling,
And steaming above and below,
Where the heart has no leisure for feeling,
And the thought has no quiet to grow.
Away where the clear brook purrs,
And the hyacinth droops in the shade,
And the plume of the fern uncurls
Its grace in the depth of the glade.

Away to the cottage, so sweetly
Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood,
Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me
With thoughts ever kindly and good.
More dear than the worth of the world
Fond mother with bairnies three,
And the pump-armed babe that has curled
Its lips sweetly pouting for me.

—J. Stuart Blackie.

DONALD'S WIFE.

When Donald McKeon married his ward, Jessie Sumner, many of his friends said he had made a mistake. She was a merry, laughing girl of eighteen, fresh from school; and he, her father's old friend, a quiet, self-contained man of thirty-five, and it can scarcely be wondered at that many wise heads were shaken over the ill-assorted match.

Jessie had always stood a little in awe of the quiet, stern man, who had been a frequent visitor at her father's house during his lifetime.

But she was quite unprovided for, and Donald McKeon was wealthy; and when he asked her to be his wife in a matter-of-fact way, very much as he might have asked her to be his housekeeper, it seemed the easiest way to solve the troublesome problem of her life; and beside this, she knew her father to have been under obligations to him, and more than suspected that the three years she had spent at a fashionable school since her father's death had been at his expense.

And so they were married, and he took her to the old home that his family had owned and occupied for generations.

It was quite a stately house, surrounded by handsome, old-fashioned grounds. But a little time ago it had been quite on the suburbs, but the city had reached out ever-encroaching arms until now it was surrounded by stately rows of brown stone and glaring new bricks.

But in spite of its great, handsomely-furnished rooms, its stores of plate and fine linen, and the bright, old-fashioned garden at the back, it seemed a dreary prison to the laughter-loving girl-wife.

Mr. McKeon had done what he could to brighten the old rooms, and had built a large conservatory, knowing that Jessie was fond of flowers, and she might have been quite happy had he known more of the ways and needs of women.

But he had always been devoted to business, caring little for the society of women, and knowing little of them, except the grim, old spinster aunt who had presided over his house since his mother's death, until he brought his young wife home.

It never occurred to him that it was a dreary sort of life for a girl like Jessie, alone in the gloomy old house all day, with only the servants and the ghosts of bygone generations for company.

And when she grew pale and listless, and lost her old elasticity of spirits, a fear that had haunted him since his wedding day took possession of him and poisoned his life—a fear that she had married him for home and position and already regretted her choice.

Gladly would he have given her back her liberty had that been possible. But being a sensitive, undemonstrative man, he let her see nothing of this, but rather shrank from her because of the wrong he felt he had done her, and came and went and made no sign.

And then people began to discover that Mrs. McKeon was a very charming woman, and her husband a wealthy and influential man, and invitations began to pour in upon her.

And Jessie plunged into this new life of fashionable dissipation with a zest that was the natural reaction from the gloom and loneliness of the past year.

At first her husband accompanied her wherever she went, for he had some old-fashioned notions as to what was right and fitting for women to do.

But it was a life he utterly detested. It interfered with his business, and he looked below the surface and saw the hollow falsehood it was after all, and it grated on his fine ideas of truth and sincerity.

Perhaps he was somewhat dictatorial in his manner of telling her this; perhaps she imagined so. But when he urged the point she rebelled against his assumption of authority.

It was their first quarrel and their last, but it was a very bitter one.

She spoke cruel, stinging words, that rankled and hurt him more than she had learned to love her so dearly, as only reserved, self-contained men such as he can love, and then only when they heard all the treasures of their nature lavished in middle life on the same woman who is their fate.

After that he opposed her in nothing, but it was as though a great wall of ice had risen between them.

He devoted himself to business, and she became the acknowledged leader of the most exclusive circle in the city.

She was madly extravagant. She made the old house a marvel of aesthetic beauty, and entertained like a princess.

Mrs. McKeon's toilets, jewels and dinners became the models for her set.

Men worshiped her beauty; but for all their flatteries she had the same smile of cold contempt, and no man was bold enough to venture beyond the merest commonplace.

And so the years passed, and each one drifted them farther apart, until they seldom met, except at their own grand entertainments. Each year she became more the slave of fashion, and he of his office. But through it all he loved her with an undying love, and his one thought was to gratify her every whim.

And when the dark days came—when ships that were sent out freighted with costly wares went down and were heard no more—when houses that seemed stable as granite failed, and his wealth seemed melting away like a snow-wreath, his only thought was for her; and though each day his hair grew whiter, and his form grew stooped with bending over the long columns of figures in which the balance was always on the wrong side, he whispered, "For her sake," and struggled on and denied her nothing.

And even on the day when he came home, knowing that all his efforts had availed him nothing and he was a poor man, his only regret was for her, that he would never more be able to give her the things for which she had bartered so much.

He went into the grand old library, which was almost the only room in the house that remained unchanged, and tried to collect his thoughts. How would he tell her? was the question that reiterated itself through his brain, and for the first time in his life Donald McKeon was a coward.

The thought came to him of how she who had chafed at her bonds when they were gilded would bear the closer relations a straitened income would entail.

And he resolved that this at least he would spare her. After all his obligations were met there would be something left, not more than she had often lavished on one dinner, perhaps, but still enough to keep her from absolute want. Jessie should have this, and he would go away and work for her and dream of her, but never again trouble her with his presence.

He sat down and wrote a letter, telling her this simply, directly, and with the great love he bore her breathing through every word.

The servant had told him she would not be in for some time, and he took the note himself up to her room.

It was a dainty place, bright as unbounded wealth and an exquisite taste could make it.

He left the note on her toilet-table, lingering for a moment to touch caressingly the costly articles that were scattered about, all breathing of her presence.

When he returned to the library the early dusk was falling. A servant came, bringing light, but he dismissed him impatiently, and a few moments later heard the sound of wheels and the sweet voice of his wife in the hall giving some directions.

At length the silence became unbearable, and he seated himself at the piano. In his old bachelor days music had been his passion, but in these latter years of feverish struggle he had found no time for it. But when his fingers touched the keys all the despair, the pain and longing in his heart found voice in the rich chords that filled the room.

He played on, and gradually the burden was lifted. Music gave him the comfort she ever gives to those who truly love her. It was no longer a wail of despair, but a psalm of thanksgiving for victory gained.

So absorbed was he that he did not hear a soft footstep enter the room. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and a tremulous voice said:

"Donald."

His hand came down with a sudden discord on the keys. It was the first time Jessie had ever called him by that name.

He turned and saw her standing there in her dressing-gown of soft cashmere. The firelight was sending long rays down the stately gloom of the library, and she looked very beautiful against the rosy background.

"You read my letter, Jessie?"

"Yes, and I am sorry for your sake, Donald; you have worked so hard for your wealth."

"Do not think of me, Jessie. It is not for myself I care. I am not afraid of poverty. But, oh, my child, if I could save you from its sting! If it were at the sacrifice of my own life, as heaven is my witness, I would not spare it!"

She came close to him and laid her hands on his.

"Donald there is a better thing you can give me than wealth can buy. Give me back the love I so madly threw away. Let me work with you and help you, and I will bless the day that made us poor!"

"Jessie," he said, "are you sure of this? Do not try to deceive me. Do not say it if it is not true. I could go away now and learn to bear it, but to open my heart to this new hope and then find I was mistaken would kill me!"

"Donald, do you think I am made of stone—that I could know all your kindness and patience all these years, and not learn to love you? Oh, so often I have longed to kneel at your feet and ask your forgiveness, but I believed I had forfeited your love by my folly."

"And you will not regret the loss of wealth and luxury?" he said, incredulously. "Can I be happy with only love?"

"You forget papa and I were poor

before I married you, Donald, and I was happier in those old days than I have ever been since I learned to hate the things that cost me so much, and to envy the poorest woman happy in her husband's love."

He turned the sweet, tear-wet face to the firelight, and bent down and looked into her eyes. And then he took her close in his arms.

"My darling—oh, my darling!" he said, softly.

And in their hearts there was a gladness that all the treasures of the world could not buy.

Street Life in Naples.

The horrors of the poorest quarters of Naples have often been descanted on by philanthropists, and by none more eloquently than by a learned and benevolent Italian professor, who described his experiences in the writer's presence. Amid the accumulated miseries he witnessed, his compassion was especially aroused by one case—that of a widow, who, with two children, a boy and a girl, slept in a damp and noisome cellar, so infested by rats that a large stone had to be kept in reach at night to repel their approaches. The principal sustenance of the family consisted of water in which chestnuts had been boiled, with some miscellaneous scraps; their clothing matched their food and lodging. From this state of wretchedness they were rescued by the professor, by whose exertions, after having been washed and decently clad, they were placed in a school, where the children were taught, and the mother employed as a charwoman. At the end of two months she threw up her situation, to go back, with her children, to her old den. They were irreclaimable, and could not bear the restraints of civilization. But in mitigation of the misery of Neapolitan rookeries, it must be said that they are mere lairs, resorted to for sleep alone, while the remaining business of his life is carried on out of doors in the most equally benign climate in the world. The backstreets and blind alleys of Naples are the scenes of a perpetual picnic, recalling the alfresco housekeeping of a gypsy lamp. Fire is rarely lit within doors, and culinary operations are carried on in the street, over circular braziers in the shape of a warming pan, the charcoal in which is fanned to glowing heat with a disk of plaited straw, the invariable substitute for a bellows. These movable hearths in winter become centers of attraction to the passersby, and the groups of loungers gathered round them form a conspicuous feature of Neapolitan outdoor life. The street which has served as a kitchen is transformed into a banquet hall, where, about noon, the inhabitants may be seen seated in front of their houses eating boiled chestnuts or slabs of yellow meal polenta, macaroni, since the introduction of the grist tax, having become rather an article of festive luxury than of daily diet. In the streets, too, are performed all save the most elementary operations of the toilet, and hair-dressing in all its phases; invites the attention of the public, who are gratified with the sight of the long black tresses in every stage of dishevelment. The lava pavement in front of the doors is furnished in the afternoon as a salon with a due allowance of rush-bottomed chair, whose weight-carrying power would seem to be of a high order, judging from the ponderous rotundities they occasionally sustain. These bulky matrons are generally engaged, like so many Parcae, plying distaff and spindle, while the girls seated beside them are more frequently intent on their hemming and stitching. The Neapolitan street urchin is the most gamin of all gamins, surpassing even his Parisian prototype in his own walk.

—Temple Bar.

Challenging a Consul.

The following case is of peculiar interest to the consuls of the United States in Europe, and the action of the Wurtemberg government has furnished a valuable precedent. A furniture dealer of Stuttgart, feeling himself aggrieved by a remark said to have been made by Mrs. Catlin, the wife of the United States consul at that capital (but which she denied,) demanded a written apology from Consul Catlin, and failing that, challenged him to fight a duel, naming pistols as his favorite weapon. Mr. Catlin declined to accept the invitation, declaring that he had been sent abroad by his government to respect and uphold the laws of the country to which he had been accredited, and not to violate them by dueling. Thereupon the furniture dealer sent him a grossly insulting communication, which the consul forwarded to the foreign office of the Wurtemberg government. The authorities at once caused the offender to be prosecuted, and he was brought up for trial, found guilty and sentenced to a fine of eighty marks and to pay the full costs of the proceedings. —Paris Continental Gazette.

Winged Threes of Them.

A Dakota schoolmistress sued three young men for breach of promise. Counsel for one of the defendants moved for a nonsuit on the ground that she was too promiscuous. The court seemed disposed to grant the motion, whereupon the plaintiff asked: "Judge, did you ever go duck shooting?" His honor's eye lighted up with the pride of a sportsman as he answered: "Well, I should say so; and many's the time that I've brought down a dozen at a shot."

"I knew it," eagerly added the fair plaintiff; "that's just the case with me, judge. These fellows bewitched me and I winged three of them." The motion for a nonsuit was denied.

French police-magistrates are paid rewards of from \$1 to \$5 for making arrests and capturing offenders.

THE BAD BOY DISCOURSES.

HE UNBOSOMS HIMSELF TO THE GROCERY MAN.

And After Ventilating His Mind on Various Serious Matters Leaves a Sign for His Listener to Ponder Over.

"What you sitting there for half an hour for, staring at vacancy?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he sat on a stool by the stove one of these foggy mornings, when everybody feels like quarrelling, with his fingers clasped around his knee, looking as though he did not know enough to last him to bed. "What you thinking about any way?"

"I was wondering where you would have been to-day if Noah had run his ark into such a fog as this, and there had been no fog-horn on Mount Ararat, and he had passed by with his excursion and not made a landing, and had floated around on the freshet until all the animals starved, and the ark had struck a snag and burst a hole in her bottom. I tell you, we can all congratulate ourselves that Noah happened to blunder on to that high ground. When I think of the narrow escapes we have had, it is a wonder to me that we have got along as well as we have."

"Well, when did you get out of the asylum," said the grocery man, who had been standing back with open mouth looking at the boy as though he was crazy. "What you want is to have your head soaked. You are getting so you reach out too far with that small mind of yours. In about an other year you will want to run this world yourself. I don't think you are reforming very much. It is wicked for a boy of your size to argue about such things. Your folks better send you to college."

"What do I want to go to college for, and be a heartless hater and poor baseball player. I can be bad enough at home. The more I read the more I think. I don't believe I can ever be good enough to go to heaven, anyway, and I guess I will go into the newspaper business, where they don't have to be good, and where they have papers everywhere. Some boys can take things as they read them, and not think any for themselves, but I am a thinker from Thinkerville, and my imagination plays the dickens with me. There is nothing I read about in old times but what I compare it with the same line of business at the present day. Now, when I think of the fishermen of Galilee drawing their seines, I wonder what they would have done if there had been a law against hauling seines, as there is in Wisconsin to-day, and I can see a constable with a warrant for the arrest of the Galilee fishermen, taking them to the police station in a patrol wagon. I know it is wrong to think like that, but how can I help it. Say, suppose those fishermen had been out hauling their seines, and our minister should come along with his good clothes on, his jointed rod, his nickel-plated reel, and his silk fish line, and his patent fish hook, and put a frog on the hook and cast his line near the Galilee fisherman and go to trolling for bass? What do you suppose the lone fishermen of the Bible times would have thought about the gall of the jointed rod fisherman? Do you suppose they would have thrown stones in the water where he was trolling, or would they have told him there was good trolling around a point about a half a mile up the shore, where they knew he wouldn't get a bite in a week, the way a fellow at Muskego lake lied to our minister a spell ago? I tell you, boys, it is a sad thing for a boy to have an imagination," and the boy put his other knee in the sling made by the clenched fingers of both hands, and waited for the grocery man to argue with him.

"I wish you would go away from here. I am afraid of you," said the grocery man. "I would give anything if your pa or the minister would come in and have a talk with you. Your mind is wandering," and the grocery man went to the door and looked up and down to see if anybody wouldn't come in and watch the crazy boy while he went to breakfast.

"Oh, pa and the minister can't make a first payment on me. Pa gets mad when I ask questions, and the minister thinks I am past redemption. Pa said yesterday that baldness was caused in every case by men's wearing plug hats, and when I asked him where the good Elijah (whom the boys called 'go up old bald head,' and the bears had a free lunch on them) got his plug hat, pa said school was dismissed and I could go. When the minister was telling me about the good Elijah going up through the clouds in a chariot of fire, and I asked the minister what he thought Elijah would have thought if he had met our Sunday-school superintendent coming down through the clouds on a bicycle, he put his hand on my head and said my liver was all wrong. Now, I will leave it to you if there was anything wrong about that. Say, do you know what I think is the most beautiful thing in the Bible?"

"No, I don't," said the grocery man, "and if you want to tell it I will listen just five minutes, and then I am going to shut up the store and go to breakfast. You make me tired."

"Well, I think the finest thing is that story about the prodigal son, where the boy took all the money he could scrape up and went out West to paint the towns red. He spent his money in riotous living, and saw everything that was going on, and got full of benzine, and struck all the gangs of toughs, and his stomach went back on him, and he had malaria, and finally he got to be a cowboy, herding hogs, and had to eat hucks that the boys didn't want, and got pretty low down. Then he thought it was a pretty good scheme to be getting around home, where they had three meals a day and spring mattresses, and he started home, beating his way on the train, and he didn't know whether the old man would receive him with open arms

or pointed boots, but the old man came down to the depot to meet him, and right there before the passengers and the conductor and brakeman, he wasn't ashamed of his boy, though he was ragged, and looked as though he had been on the war-path, and the old man fell on his neck and wept, and took him home in a hack and had a veal pot-pie for dinner. That's what I call sense. A good many men now days would have put the police on the tramp and had him ordered out of town. What, you going to close up the store? Well, I will see you later. I want to talk with you about something that is weighing on my mind," and the boy got out just in time to save his coat-tail from being caught in the door, and when the grocery man came back from breakfast he found a sign in front, "This store is closed till further notice.—SHERIFF."

—Peck's Sun.

Weather Signs.

"When round the moon there is a brough (halo), The weather will be cold and rough."

This simply records the fact that the first indication of a change in the weather is the appearance of a halo round the sun or moon, and that a storm of wind and rain, or snow and wind, is at no great distance. The outer side of the halo indicating the quarter from which it may be expected. Never trust a pale or watery sun or moon, for

"When the sun goes pale to bed, 'I will rain to-morrow, it is said,"

or, "When clouds are upon the hill, They'll come down by the mills."

The same causes explain the old sayings, that "when walls are unusually damp, asses bray, peacocks cry, toads come out, glow-worms shine, spider's webs float in the air, bees enter their hives in great numbers, but do not come out again, gnats bite, and flies keep near the ground," are one and all prognostics of rain. Also rheumatism, neuralgia, old wounds and corns become troublesome. And many plants, like the pimpernel which is called the poor man's weather glass close their flowers at the approach of a storm. A piece of seaweed is also used as a weather sign, for it becomes damp before a storm. There is an old saying that

"When the wind veers against the sun, Trust it not, for back it will run. When the wind is in the south, It is in the rain's mouth."

The wind from the northwest is always best, hence the wise man will do business with men when the wind is in the northwest.

In the summer when brilliant sunshine prevails during the day and there is heavy dew at night, and mist in low-lying places, one will hear it said, "Heavy dews in hot weather, continued fair weather." "No dew after a hot day foretells rain." "If mists rise in low grounds and soon vanish, expect fair weather."

"When the mists creep up the hill, Fishers out and try your skill."

Fine, bright weather exerts an influence, not only on human beings, but also on birds, animals and insects, for we know that if larks fly high and sing loud we may expect fine weather. When seabirds fly out early and far to seaward, moderate winds and fair weather will follow. When owls whoop much at night, or bats come out of their holes quickly after sunset, or the little plant, called chickweed, expands its leaves boldly and fully the weather will be clear, calm and fine.

In winter, white mist indicates frost. In autumn and spring evenings, vapor arising from a river is regarded as a sure indication of coming frost.

When fires burn faster than usual, and with a blue flame, frosty weather may be expected.

When the moon's horns are sharp and well defined frosts will follow:

"Clear moon Frost soon."

When the wind turns from northeast to east, and continues two days without rain, and does not turn to the south on the third day nor rain, it is likely to continue northeast for eight or nine days all fine, and then come back to south again. It is a sign of continued good weather when the wind so changes during the day as to follow the sun.—Mary A. Barr, in Cottage Hearth.

Gallantry.

Mr. S. C. Hall's father was once in a boat, on an arm of the Atlantic that made up into the Irish coast. Several young ladies were with him, and the six rowers did their best.

According to the local custom, each rower was rewarded with a glass of whisky. But a merry lass, intending to play a little joke, dipped the glass into the salt water, while one of the boatmen was looking away, and presented it to him.

He drank it off and returned her the glass, saying, "Thank ye, me lady!" instead of sputtering as she expected. "What, Pat! Do you like salt-water?" she asked, astonished at his quiet way.

"No, me lady, I don't like salt-water; but if yer ladyship had given me a glass of poison, I'd have drank it." —Youth's Companion.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

Letters received from the British naval ship Swiftsure state that while on a voyage from Honolulu to Esquimaux, she encountered a terrific gale, during which several heavy seas broke over her, shaking everything inside her. As an experiment a bag containing oil was rigged out over the weather side, and had such a marked effect on the waves that the vessel rode bravely through the gale, which continued with great severity, followed by heavy rain squalls, until the Swiftsure arrived at Esquimaux.

There are 4,000,000 acres of waste land in Ireland.

FARTHER ON.

I hear it singing, sweetly singing,
Singing in an undertone,
Singing, as if God had taught—
It is better farther on.

Night and day it sings the sonnet,
Sings it while it sits alone;
Sings so that the heart may hear it—
It is better farther on.

Sits upon the grave and sings it;
Sings it while the heart would groan;
Sings it when the shadows darken—
It is better farther on.

Farther on—ah! how much farther?—
Count the mile stones one by one.
No; no counting, only trusting—
It is better farther on.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

At last a woman has been sunstruck while shopping. (Cut this out and paste it in your wife's hat).—Puck.

The effects of love: A.—"My cousin lost his reason through love." B.—"That isn't saying much. A friend of mine became a postman only in order to get his letters from his sweetheart sooner."

Among the new colors are "strained gooseberry" and "mashed dude." The latter, it is presumed, is a sort of sickly green. Or it may be a soft—very soft—shade of cigarette smoke.—Norristown Herald.

First student: "How stupid! Here my uncle sends me twenty marks as a present." Second student: "I should think you would be delighted." "Not at all; I was just going to ask him to lend me fifty."—Fliegende Blätter.

A Vermont man bet a neighbor that he couldn't walk half a mile without looking to the right or left, and just as the man started on his walk set two dogs to fighting about half way down the track, and won his money as easily as could be.—Boston Post.

An exchange tells of a man who, by saving a young lady from beneath the tramping hoofs of a drove of mules, won her for a wife. As the event occurred years ago we would like to have that man's present opinion of that drove of mules—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.—Oil City Blizzard.

The people of Northwestern Texas are very much puzzled what to do with the prairie dogs that are eating up all the grass. We have not given the subject very thorough consideration, but it seems probable that if such cereals as cabbage, lettuce, green peas, etc., were planted in sufficient quantities in the vicinity of the dog towns, the prairie dogs would cease to fill up, like Nebuchadnezzar, on grass, and would devote all their time to stowing away the more succulent garden truck. —Texas Siftings.

THE SMACK OUT OF SCHOOL.

The sun shone in through waving bough
Of elm-trees by the door,
Across the row of feet that tood
The chalk mark on the floor.
Down at the foot of that long line
Of speilers, standing there
Was Allan Dean, with quiet face
Framed round with stiff tow hair.
The fair young teacher called this boy
"The dunce of Wheaton school!"
But Allan's wits, though slow, were keen,
And since to Lawyer Poole
This same fair teacher gave a kiss,
So slyly, as she thought,
The boy, with mischievous delight,
A cunning plan had wrought.
Next morning Allan charged his class
To learn their lessons well.
For young "Squire Poole" that afternoon
Would come to hear them spell.
And this was all; they never knew
What else was on his mind,
Until the teacher gave out "smack,"
To be spelled and defined.
'Twas Allan's turn: he raised his eyes
To watch the lawyer's face,
And spelled the short word slowly through
With calm and steady grace.
"Define it, sir," the mistress said,
For, courage to acquire,
The boy had paused—"Why, ma'am," said
he,
"It's what you gave the 'squire."

WISE WORDS.

There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works.

As the light goes out with the exhaustion of the oil, so fortune fails with the cessation of human endeavor.

Truth takes the stamp of the soul it enters. It is vigorous and rough in arid souls, but tempers and softens itself in loving natures.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places.

Every one in this world has his or her share of troubles and trials. Let us, then, try as much as we are able not to increase the burden of any by as much as the weight of a straw.

Every ship that comes to America got its chart from Columbus. Every novel is a debtor to Homer. Every carpenter who shaves with a foreplane borrows the genius from a forgotten inventor.

There are certain manners which, learnt in good society, are of that force that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered everywhere welcome, though without beauty, wealth or genius.

What Tully says of war may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed as to remember that the only true end of it is peace; but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant cares no more for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

Wherever the English language is spoken racing is a flourishing institution. When the Duke of Sutherland was traveling out West, two years ago, his servant fell in with a tall, dark, shaggy fellow who had emigrated from Yorkshire to Utah, and who positively refused to accept anything less than the great match between the Dutchman and Voltaire.

THE SINGING PREACHER.

THE POWER OF SONG IN RELIGION ILLUSTRATED.

The Story of a Singing Evangelist—Some of the Most Powerful Songs in Religious Influence.

The singing evangelist, Harry F. Sayles, had for some time been conducting song services in Detroit, when he gave a reporter of the Post and Tribune an account of his ministry.

"How long have you been engaged in this work, Mr. Sayles?" was naturally the first question asked. "Since I was nineteen; I am now twenty-five," he answered, pleasantly.

"I began church work in my native town, Davenport, Iowa. My father was for many years musical director in Henry Ward Beecher's church. My mother is a singer and a church worker. I firmly believe that the spirit of God led me into this work, and is always with me."

"Do you have special songs that you use as solos?" "Yes; some of them have done a great work, too. One of the strongest pieces I sing is 'Eternity.' Have you ever heard it?"

Being answered in the negative, the young gentleman went to an upright piano and, touching the chords, sang in a clear, sweet tenor voice and with a remarkable recitative power, that made it both a song and a sermon, this song:

"Oh, the clanging bells of time, Night and day they never cease, We are weary with their chime For they do not bring us peace."

"And we hush our breath to hear And we strain our eyes to see If thy shores are drawing near, Eternity! Eternity!"

The refrain of the word "Eternity" was singularly strong and solemn, with an undertone of melancholy sweetness that seemed to plead through all the music, ranging from fortissimo to pianissimo, words and music blending in a charm that could not be resisted, and which reminded the listener of the boy-singers in old St. Paul's in London, where the sweet, incisive voice of the child soloist would fill all hearts and the cathedral with a volume of heavenly melody. With his limited opportunities Mr. Sayles gave a fair idea of what he could do.

"There is another favorite that the people like," he said, turning the leaves and singing softly:

"This known on earth and in heaven too, 'Tis sweet to me, because 'tis true, The old, old, story is ever new, Tell me more about Jesus."

The representative of the Post and Tribune had heard the young evangelist sing "Tell Me More About Jesus" before an audience, many of whom were gray-haired men and women, who had bowed their heads and wept as the sweet young voice rose and fell on the waves of sound, and seemed vibrating between heaven and earth.

What Mr. Sayles calls a "decision song" is also a favorite with him in his work:

"Oh, do not let the word depart And close thine eyes against the light, Poor sinner, harden not thy heart, Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night? Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?"

A stirring song is, "Who is on the Lord's Side?"

"We're marching to Canaan with banner and song; We're soldiers enlisted to fight against the wrong; But lest in the conflict our strength should divide, We ask 'Who among us is on the Lord's side?'"

Oh, who is there among us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his colors—who's on the Lord's side?"

An invitation song with a pleasing melody, which Mr. Sayles uses with much effect, is this:

"Why do you wait, dear brother, Why do you tarry so long; Your Savior is waiting to give you A place in his sanctified throng."

"Why not, why not, Why not come to him now?"

"There is a beautiful hymn which is also used as a parlor song," said the young man, "which I like to sing to undecided people; it means so much, and he sang with thrilling sweetness the words 'There is a green hill far away.'"

"Do you remember," he continued, with a rapt expression on his pale, delicate features, "the dead line of the Southern prison? I use that to help me in my work; that dead line is going to run through whole families; it will separate them in eternity if they are afraid to cross it. Oh! I plead with them to step over that line which runs through two worlds and divides them from the left. Listen to this:

"Oh, tender and sweet was the Master's voice, As He lovingly called to me: 'Come over the line, it is only a step, I am waiting, my child, for thee.'"

"Over the line," hear the sweet refrain, Angels are chanting the heavenly strain; 'Over the line,' why should I remain With a step between me and Jesus?"

It is easy to understand how hearts can be awakened by such methods, which are so gently persuasive that they challenge no resistance, and how the climax

"I'll not remain, I will cross it and go to Jesus," meets with a responsive welcome of absolute submission.

The singing evangelist's work is largely sympathetic, and he gives out his own personal magnetism until at the end of a meeting in which he has read the Scriptures, sung his two or three solos, led the choruses and preached the sermon, he is as weak and faint as a helpless child.

"Why do you work so hard?" His visitor felt the strong influence of that spiritual current which attracts with resistless force and with which this servant of the Lord is highly charged. The evangelist in the words of one of his favorite work-songs:

"Must I go, and empty-handed? Must I meet my Savior so? No one sent with which to greet him, Must I come, empty-handed?"

The small, slight form, with nerves

of steel and will of iron sank back wearily, and the brightness faded out of the inspired face; it is harder to explain and define a method than to practice it, and the rapport of individual intelligence is more exhaustive than that of crowds.

Gambling at the Capital.

"Ramsdell," in a Washington letter to the Philadelphia Press, says: I have been in Washington nearly twenty years, off and on, and I have an idea I know pretty nearly everything that is going on here. That army and navy officers gamble is an undeniable fact. They do it in every country in the world, but that does not make it right, of course. But there is not the promiscuous gambling here that the outside papers would make you believe. There is not a gambling-house in Washington to-day—except it may be some little place where colored men and newboys play "policy."

All the big gambling-houses are closed, and have been for the past year. The law of Congress is very strict, and the authorities are enforcing it. There are no clubs in Washington where gambling is carried on to any great extent.

Indeed, there is not a city of its size in the country which has so few clubs. There is only one organization in the whole town that deserves the name of club, and I am very sure there is very little gambling within its walls. There are, it is true, several little social clubs, in which the alluring poker is played, and I happen to know several high army officers who get together every day or two, particularly rainy days, and indulge their passion for "draw."

But the betting is limited to \$1, and so the risks are not great.

Time was, however, "in the golden days of the empire," when the old Washington ring was in its glory, that gambling here flourished most prosperously. Gambling-houses by the dozens were open and above board. Every hotel and restaurant had its poker-rooms. The clubs were little else than polite gambling-houses, and there were poker parties in many of the handsomest private houses.

As I look back on those days it appears to me that every one played poker. I know cabinet officers, bureau officers, army and navy officers, senators and members of Congress played, and I think they all played. At the time I speak of the famous gambler John Chamberlain, now retired from the cloth, occupied the residence of Sir Edward Thornton, the British minister.

Sir Edward moved out of his beautiful house one day, and Chamberlain moved in the next, with all his gambling outfit. He gave glorious suppers, and some of the best people of Washington visited his place and enjoyed his hospitality. But they never were permitted to join in the play, and never saw what was going on in other parts of the house. I have seen senators, foreign ministers, and society gentlemen in the highest ranks in these same parlors, where the British minister entertained his company. A newspaper man may go anywhere you know.

I very well remember a poker party whose members sat for twenty-five hours on a certain occasion. Of the party there were three United States senators, and one of them left the table \$6,000 winner. I do not know that he ever got the money. One of the members of the party is now a senator (at the time I speak of he was State treasurer of a Western State), and was elected within the past year. The senators I speak of are all now out of Congress and are rich.

The Majesty of Shoshone Falls.

In the midst of one of nature's dearest solitudes—America's Sahara—surrounded by what seems an interminable wilderness barren of all growth but sage, walled in on all sides by precipitous and insurmountable cliffs and walls of rock, are Shoshone falls. There Snake river's mighty volume of water, emerging from its placid stream above, suddenly leaps a distance of seventy-five feet, pauses an instant, as if hesitating to take the fearful bound, and then takes its final plunge into a watery profundity nearly 800 feet below! I have stood for hours and watched, without wearying, upon the summit of the mighty walls of basalt which tower so grandly about this marvel of nature, and watched the descending waters as they poured down, down, down, into the awful abyss that yawns so far below; watched the clouds of spray as they rose up and formed in misty magnificence between the sides of the tremendous chasm blending their tender frost-work of silver and glass with the purple and green and gold of the sun's light until all the lines of the prism were seized, woven into fantastic bands of beauty, and bound around the stormy brow of the majestic cataract; watched the great river as it hurried away from the fearful scene; heard the deafening roar and crash of the madly rushing torrent as it swept in terrific grandeur by, and my soul has stood still, awed into silent reverence by the incomparable spectacle.

Nowhere else in nature have these great falls a counterpart. Nowhere else in nature is there such an overwhelming manifestation of irresistible power, coupled with such rude savagery as hovers around Shoshone falls. In a vast sea of sage and repulsive as vast, founded in all directions by a dull monotony of plain, in the midst of a desolation inconceivably desolate, they are a gem of matchless beauty set.—Idaho World.

The "Thirteen Club," of London, at one of their recent dinners, had the menu printed on cards shaped like coffins. This was hardly as aesthetic as the skull at the Egyptian banquet.

The Railway Gazette says that 100 locomotives here do as much as 181 in Germany, 189 in Switzerland, and 147 in Austria-Hungary.

FASHION NOTES.

Ribbons are used to excess on white dresses.

Large round collars are worn by children.

The new embroideries are lace-like in the extreme.

Closely woven colored dresses are now in demand.

The bodice of an evening dress is stylishly trimmed with ostrich tips.

Dark carpets and dark paper hangings are rapidly going out of fashion.

There is talk of reviving the red velvet and rosewood furniture of the past.

Kerchiefs of mull, plain, dotted and embroidered, are as fashionable as ever.

Braid and chain stitching combined are again introduced in fashionable needlework.

Lace collars, with a plastron attached, which forms a kind of Moliere waistcoat front, are much worn.

Gathered lace ruffles are the trimming used on mull muslin dresses, whether white, tinted or printed.

White Swiss muslin dresses are trimmed sometimes with bands of dotted embroidery in bright colors.

The latest freak in linen collars is to have a narrow rolled-over edge at the top of the high band, and this edge is finely embroidered.

The new printed mull muslins have white grounds, on which are flower designs fine as hand painting by the best artists in that line.

Diplomats and Their Wives.

Of late years the intelligence of the American ministers, and the charm and elegance of their wives, have, says the Paris Messenger, furnished themes for frequent and favorable comment. There are legends still existing, it is true, of how, in bygone years, the wife of an American minister at the court of St. James horrified all English sticklers for etiquette by recommending catnip tea to Queen Victoria as a sovereign remedy for the colic in babies, and kissing all the royal children when she met them taking an airing in the park with their nurses and governesses. There is, too, a story extant of one of these transatlantic dames who, on being presented to the queen, did not kiss her majesty's proffered hand, but shook it heartily in her own, declaring, at the same time, "that she was happy to make her acquaintance."

But these days have passed away, never to return. When Mr. Buchanan was minister to England he made a highly favorable impression, in a social point of view. His drawing-room was presided over by one of the loveliest women that ever graced a court—his niece, Miss Harriet Lane. She was a blonde, of a regal and superb type; her profuse, golden tresses, large blue eyes and exquisite complexion, the fine proportions of her graceful and dignified form, and the queenly carriage of her beautifully-shaped head, rendered her a noble specimen of American beauty. Her manners were perfect in their subtle blending of cordiality and dignity. She was greatly admired in London, and the question, "Are all the American ladies as beautiful as Miss Lane?" was one that was frequently asked.

One of our representatives to one of the minor courts of Italy, in the days when that country was an agglomeration of petty royalties and dukedoms, once wrote home to a friend an account of the social life of the capital to which he was accredited, and passed some sweeping strictures on the morals of the ladies at the court. The friend to whom this letter was written committed the unpardonable error of giving it for publication to a prominent local newspaper. The tidings of the letter and its contents crossed the sea and brought a very storm of indignation upon the head of our unfortunate envoy. His recall was at once demanded by the government to which he was accredited, but the United States authorities refused to take such action in the case, as they held that the obnoxious letter, being written for private circulation merely, was not a sufficient cause for his removal. Perhaps this victim of a friend's indiscretion would have done well to have taken the matter in his own hands and retired, for his position thereafter at the court of X—was anything but a pleasant one. All official and diplomatic business was transacted with him as usual, but socially he was wholly ignored. He received no invitation to any of the court balls or official entertainments, neither could he procure any for his country people. And this unpleasant state of affairs lasted till the expiration of his term of office.

Seven hundred thousand acres of the best land in India are devoted to the cultivation of the poppy. Five thousand pounds of the opium produced is sold in China.

"Do I know you?" "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and using the 'Favorite Enema.' In three months I was perfectly cured. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters in reply. I have described my case and the treatment used, and earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters, stating that they had commenced the treatment and were much better already."—Mrs. E. V. Moxon, New Castle, Me.

Twenty billion pine are used in this country every year.

"Beauty Unfaded" (with illustration) is a new and full complete work on the art of preserving the beauty of the face. It is a most valuable and interesting book. "Good Medical Dictionary" by Dr. J. C. Smith, New York, N. Y.

It is estimated that Robinson's work of 1892 this year will reach 100,000,000 copies.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

An Article that Will Make the Bald and Gray Rejoice.

Many of the hair dressings of the day are excellent, but the great mass of the stuff sold for promoting the growth and bringing back the original color, are mere humbugs, while not a few are pernicious in their effects upon the scalp and hair. The falling out of the hair, the accumulations of dandruff, and the premature change in color are all evidences of a diseased condition of the scalp and the glands which produce the hair. To treat these cases the article used must possess medicinal as well as chemical virtues, and the change must be made under the scalp to be of permanent and lasting benefit. Petroleum oil is the article which is made to work such extraordinary results; but it is after the best refined article has been chemically treated, and completely deodorized, that it is in proper condition for the toilet and receives the name of Carboline. It was in far-off Russia that the effects of petroleum upon the hair were first observed; a government officer having noticed that a partially bald-headed servant of his, when trimming the lamps, had a habit of wiping his oil-bearded hands in his scanty locks, and the result was, in a few months, a much finer head of black glossy hair than he ever had before. The oil was tried on horses and cattle that had lost their hair from cattle plague, and the results were marvelous. The manes and tails of horses, which had fallen out, were completely restored in a few weeks. These experiments were heralded to the world, but no one in civilized society could tolerate the use of refined petroleum as a dressing for the hair. But the skill of one of our chemists has overcome the difficulty, and he has succeeded in perfecting Carboline, rendering it as dainty as the famous eau de Cologne. Experiments on the human hair and skin were attended with the most astonishing results. A few applications, where the hair was thin and falling, gave remarkable tone and vigor to the scalp and the hair. Every particle of dandruff disappears on the first or second dressing, all cutaneous diseases of the skin and scalp are rapidly and permanently healed, and the liquid seems to penetrate to the root of the hair at once. It is well known that the most beautiful colors are made from petroleum, and by some mysterious operation of nature the use of this article gradually imparts a beautiful light brown color to the hair, which by continued use deepens to black. The color remains permanent, and the change is so gradual that the most intimate friends can scarcely detect its progress. In a word, it is the most wonderful discovery of the age, and well calculated to make the prematurely bald and gray rejoice. Carboline is put up in a neat and attractive manner and sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines. Price one dollar a bottle. Kennedy & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., general agents for the United States and Canada.

We advise our readers to give it a trial, feeling satisfied that one application will convince them of its wonderful effects.

They are now paying one cent bounty on sparrow heads in Evansville, Ind.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "Little Liver Pills," (be careful of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and Government stamp. 25c. per box, by druggists.

The California wheat crop for this year is estimated at 50,950,000 bushels.

When your wife's health is bad, when your children are sickly, when you feel worn out, use Brown's Iron Bitters.

KANSAS increases the railroad assessment \$2,127,000 this year.

WOLFVILLE, N. C.—Dr. L. C. McLaughlin says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for vertigo, and I now feel like a new man."

Twenty million wooden hoops are used annually in this country for barrels only.

ELKTON, Ky.—Dr. E. B. Weathers says: "I regard Brown's Iron Bitters as a medicine of unusual worth."

Cataract of the bladder. Stinging irritation, inflammation, kidney, urinary complaints, cured by Buchu-palms. \$1. Straighten your boots & shoes with Lyon's Patent Hair Stiffener, and wear them again.

See Mrs. E. D. Slack, that girl of mine is twice as handsome since she commenced using Carboline, the deodorized extract of Petroleum, and I would not be without it for a fortune.

"Rough on Corns." "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick relief; complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

The Fraser Aisle Cigarette is the best in the market. It is the most economical and cheapest, one box lasting as long as two of any other grade of smoking will.

It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, also medals at various State fairs. Buy no other.

25 Cents. Will buy a Treatise on the Horse and His Diseases. Book of 100 pages, valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid. New York Horse Book Co., 124 Leonard Street, New York City.

That Husband of Mine. Is three times the man he was before using Wells' Health Renewer. \$1. Druggists.

Are you bilious? Try the remedy that cured Mrs. Clement, of Franklin, N. H.—Hood's Sarsaparilla, made in Lowell, Mass.

If you feel depressed in mind and body, or have a touch of general debility or malaria, try GASTRINE. It gives tone to the stomach and promotes thorough digestion. Druggists.

A Veteran Soldier. Mr. G. F. BOWLER, of No. 24 Common Street, Lynn, Mass., says:

"While in the army, at the battle of Spottsylvania, I fell while getting over a rail fence and was badly injured and left for dead, but after a time I was picked up by comrades, and upon examination it was found that no back was badly hurt and my kidneys seriously injured, and I have suffered the most excruciating pain since, and could obtain no relief excepting treated by several physicians, and I had given up all hope of getting better when I was recommended to use Henry's Remedy. I purchased several bottles of one of our drug stores in Lynn, and began to use it as directed, and can now attend to business, and am free from the pains formerly had, and I wish to say to my friends and comrades that Henry's Remedy will do all that is claimed for it, and is worthy of all praise. You can see my testimony in the Boston Herald, dated April 10, 1892, as I most heartily recommend it to all that have kidney or liver troubles."

"You May Use My Name." I desire to inform you that your valuable medicine has done for me what I was unable to do by any other means. I have suffered terribly from kidney difficulties. At times I have been very bad, having severe pains in my back, with general loss of strength and vitality. My urine was very bad, with a heavy sediment of pus, and was very offensive. I purchased Henry's Remedy, with a marked improvement from the start; the pains left, the urine became more natural, and I can truly say one bottle effected a permanent cure.

I have recommended it to many persons both here and in Boston, all of whom speak of it with the highest praise. I feel that I can truly say one bottle effected a permanent cure.

You are at liberty to use this letter or my name in any manner you may think best, that other sufferers may learn the value of the greatest of all remedies. Most truly yours, JOHN F. COX.

Malden, Mass., April 26, 1892. J. F. COX.

An Editor's Testimonial. A. M. Vaughn, editor of the "Greenwich Review," Greenwich, Ct., writes: Last January I met with a very severe accident, caused by a runaway horse. I used almost every kind of salve to heal the wounds, which turned to running sores, but found nothing to do me any good till I was recommended Henry's Carbolic Salve. I thought a box and it helped me at once, and at the end of two months I was completely well. It is the best salve in the market, and I never sold of selling my friends about it, and urge them to use it whenever they need a salve.

Dorsey's Catarrh Remedy cures all affections of the mucous membrane of the head and throat.

Dr. J. C. Smith's "Good Medical Dictionary" is a most valuable and interesting book. It is a most complete work on the art of preserving the beauty of the face. It is a most valuable and interesting book. It is a most complete work on the art of preserving the beauty of the face.

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100 Doses \$1.00

Not always serious enough to put one in bed, or even within doors; the ailments and disorders produced by impure blood are extremely distressing. No article so thoroughly blood and curative as Hood's Sarsaparilla, running sore and dull pains, as

Hood's Sarsaparilla

At the same time it is the cheapest. No other preparation gives one hundred doses for one dollar.

HALFORD FLYNN, of New York, had so many pimples and blotches on his face that he was ashamed. He tried various remedies without effect. Hood's Sarsaparilla purified his blood, and all blemishes disappeared.

The five-year-old son of M. M. HOLLER, Danvers, Me., had three large fatty bunches on his neck. One was lanced and became a painful, running sore. Hood's Sarsaparilla, four bottles, made a cure.

For twenty-one years THOMAS BENNETT, of Boston, carried a lump on his leg. It itched intolerably and the sore was so troublesome that he wanted to cut it out with his knife. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured the lump.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. Price \$1, six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

HOSTETTER'S

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters meet the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a purgative, a tonic and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and revitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a salutary change in the entire system. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Leads and Gains. "I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move!"

I shrunk! From 225 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II. "Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1890. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache. Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters."

"The first bottle Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child.

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint," "Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—" "Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your bitters cured him, and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"Do miracles!" —Mrs. E. D. Slack.

How to Get Sick—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

Information regarding Agents and Dealers, send for Circular. Rye, Ohio, Corn, Oatmeal, and other foodstuffs, near schools, churches and railroads. FREE for all who purchase land. For maps of Texas, Arkansas, Kansas, and other States, send for Circular. J. D. McNeill, N. England Farm (sent free), 101 St. Boston, D. W. Janney, 80, East 7th St., N. Y. City, N. Y. For more information, send for Circular. P. M. Knapp & Sons, 362 Hudson St., N. Y.

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KNAPP'S ROOT BEER EXTRACT.

10 GALLONS FOR 25 CENTS. A DELICIOUS, HEALTHY SUMMER DRINK. THE ORIGINAL ROOT BEER. Bottles at 25c. each, 50c. half and gallon cases at 50c. and 1.00. Made in N. Y. City. ALL DRUGGISTS. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. P. M. KNAPP & SONS, 362 HUDSON ST., N. Y.

MAJOR'S CEMENT

221 William Street, New York City. RED BUGS, ROACHES, MOSQUITOES, FLIES, BEES, WASPS, AND ALL OTHER INSECTS. Kills on body, wings, and claws. Use on walls,

